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Comstock Stalks

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The ghost of a ginger-whiskered censor of the 1870's inspires the Federal Customs Service and the police censors of Boston to-day. Anthony Comstock dead is a more powerful enemy of freedom and liberal thought than he was when alive. Mr. Bates in a telling article attacks the principles of censorship.

NOTHING could be much sadder than the rejoicing of Massachusetts liberals this winter over the introduction in the legislature of a bill revising the Massachusetts censorship of literature and art. The proposed statute is the work of the Massachusetts Citizens Committee for the Revision of the Book Law, which includes a number of prominent clergymen and such well-known writers and educators as Philip Hale, Walter Prichard Eaton, Bliss Perry, Ellery Sedgwick, F. W. Taussig, William A. Neilson, and Mary E. Woolley. These names are a sufficient guarantee that the measure is as liberal as it could be made with any chance of success. But when the committee imagines that this act will remove "the ridicule of the entire civilized world" from at least one State in the Union it is unduly hopeful. That in what was once called the land of freedom such a law is now regarded as "liberal" is in itself the most bitter of comments upon present conditions. The measure reads:

> Whoever imports, prints, publishes, sells or distributes a book, pamphlet, ballad, printed paper or other thing which, considered as a whole, is obscene, indecent or impure or manifestly tends to corrupt the morals of youth, or an obscene, indecent or impure print, picture, figure, image or description manifestly tending to corrupt the morals of youth, or introduces into a family, school or place of education, or buys, procures, receives or has in his possession any such book, pamphlet, ballad, printed paper, obscene, indecent or impure print, picture, figure, image or other thing, either for the purpose of sale, exhibition, loan or circulation or with intent to introduce the same into a family, school or place of education, shall be punished by imprisonment for not more than two years and by a fine of not less than $100 nor more than $1000.

The gain in this law over previous legislation is that it forces the censor to consider the whole of a work instead of his being permitted, as heretofore, to

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condemn it on the basis of detached phrases, but it still leaves publishers liable to punishment of two years' imprisonment and a fine of $1,000 for a crime whose meaning no man knows. Worse still, it puts librarians in the same predicament, and even the honest *pater familias* trudging home with a copy of Rabelais under his arm. For, I repeat, no one can know in advance of the court's decision whether a given work comes under the law. This, among other points, will be adequately demonstrated in what follows. First, however, let us turn to the history of this obsession of modern Americans that so many of their fellow countrymen are obscene.

In the golden days of 1835 the good Alexis de Tocqueville wrote: "Attempts have been made by some governments to protect the morality of nations by prohibiting licentious books. In the United States no one is punished for this sort of work." The statement, to be sure, was a little too optimistic even for that early date. Laws prohibiting "obscene" literature had been enacted by Vermont in 1821, and by Connecticut in 1834; a similar law was to be entered in the Massachusetts statutes of 1842. The Tariff Act of the latter year forbade the importation of "obscene" books or pictures into the United States, and in 1857 a strengthening amendment was added to this act. In 1865 the practice which had developed during the Civil War of granting wide powers to the Federal government slopped over casually into the censorship of art and literature, as in that year a fateful provision was adopted, slightly altered in 1872, prohibiting the transmission of objectionable books and pictures through the mail. But there was one saving grace in all these laws: it never occurred to any one, apparently, that they should be enforced. In 1866, however, the Young Men's Christian Association of New York City became alarmed over the reading habits of the Christian young men in their care, and introduced at Albany a bill, later enacted, which they really desired to see enforced. Nevertheless, little was accomplished until in 1872 the Association obtained the services of a young dry-goods salesman with ginger-colored whiskers and a genius for publicity, who had already turned his hand, as a self-appointed sleuth and stool-pigeon, to securing the arrest of a few violators of the law. This young man, born and reared in the village of New Canaan, Conn., with little education, unable to spell or write correctly, but with a boundless zeal to reform the world, was named Anthony Comstock.

In the service of the Christian young men, Comstock at once proceeded to make himself ridiculous—and known—by securing the arrest of two un-Christian and not-so-young women, Victoria Claflin Woodhull and Tennessee Claflin, editors of *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*. The sisters, a few years before, had come out of the west, where Tenny had been running a quack cancer sanitarium, to open a brokerage office in Broad Street, backed by Commodore Vanderbilt. Victoria, of pale tragic countenance and lurid eyes, was an ardent feminist whose speeches, according to one admirer, "made our flesh to creep and our blood to run cold." She had been nominated for president of the United States in May, 1872, by the Equal Rights Party, and had represented the Women's Rights Association before the House Judiciary Committee in Washington. Non-feminists regarded her as a very dreadful person. She had kept on friendly terms with her divorced husband, Dr. Woodhull—in itself a sufficient sign of immorality.

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Now in the November 2d issue of *The Weekly* she told the whole story of the liaison of Henry Ward Beecher and Elizabeth Tilton just as she claimed to have heard it from both Tilton and his wife. As a psychologist, Victoria was considerably in advance of her period: substitute "libido" for "amativeness" and few Freudians would object to her summing up of the situation: "The amative impulse is the physiological basis of character. It is this which emanates zest and magnetic power to his whole audience through the organism of the great preacher. Plymouth Church has lived and fed, and the healthy vigor of public opinion for the last quarter of a century has been augmented and strengthened from the physical amativeness of Henry Ward Beecher." Tilton's complaints, on the other hand, Victoria thought were caused by *"bogus sentimentality, pumped* in his imagination, because our sickly religious literature, and Sunday-school morality, and pulpit phariseeism had humbugged him all his life into the belief that *he ought to feel and act* in this harlequin and absurd way on such an occasion." The same issue of *The Weekly* also contained an exposé of a broker, Luther C. Challis, whom it accused not only of having committed the venial sin of seducing two young damsels at the French ball but the capital offense of boasting of the act afterward.

The young dry-goods salesman from Connecticut at once seized this splendid chance to put over his new wares. He succeeded in having the sisters arrested not on the charge of libel, which might have raised the question of the truth of their allegations, but on an obscenity charge. They were lodged for a month in Ludlow Street Jail awaiting trial. Meanwhile the indiscreet Challis did bring a libel suit. This was tried first. The broker charged the sisters with having tried to blackmail him, while they asserted that he had tried to bribe them into retracting their statements; it came out that he had made Tenny a gift of underwear and had been seen to kiss her. All New York laughed at what *The Herald* called "the sensational comedy of free love."

The colorfulness of the whole scene was enhanced by the entrance of George Francis Train, eccentric millionaire, friend of Louis Napoleon and other royalties, who had but lately returned from a trip around the world in eighty days. Train sprang to the rescue of the beleaguered sisters. As a bait to the Comstockians, he began to issue a newspaper called the *Train Ligue,* in which he demanded the suppression of the Bible Publishing Company for printing "disgusting slanders on Lot, Abraham, Solomon and David." When nothing happened, he published certain sections of the Old Testament himself under sensational headings. Comstock at last rose to the worm dangled before him, and the comedy turned to farce. Train was arrested and taken to the Tombs, from which he issued blithe statements to the press, announcing that on his release he would found a Commune with himself as dictator and that his first act would be to hang all members of Congress. This engaging promise prejudiced a good many of the community strongly in his favor. When he was at last brought to trial, his lawyers entered a plea that he was mentally unbalanced, and the judge, after summarily instructing the jury to acquit on the ground of insanity—which the obedient jury did—then stated that he would send the prisoner to the Utica insane asylum. Train thereupon rose and gravely moved that the judge be impeached. Such inspiring faith in the principles of

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liberty could not be rewarded with an asylum. Train was released, and, to Comstock's infinite relief, he soon departed to Europe.

Meanwhile Victoria, out on bail, attempted to deliver a speech on "Moral Cowardice and Modern Hypocrisy" in Boston. But the officials of that city were already peculiarly sensitive on such topics. The Chief of Police and the City Council, aided by Governor Claflin—perhaps eager to keep his own family name from being sullied by the terrible western Claflins—refused to permit the speech. Victoria then announced that she would deliver one in New York City—under an even more outrageous title, "The Naked Truth." This speech she is said to have managed to give at Cooper Institute by getting past the officials at the door in the disguise of an old Quaker lady who ascended the stage, threw off her coal-scuttle bonnet and gray cloak, and spoke for an hour and a half before the dumbfounded minions of the law recovered from their astonishment. During the winter, however, the tireless Comstock still pursued the sisters. They were in and out of jail until their bail had risen to $60,000. Finally, in June, 1873, the case against them was ignominiously dismissed.

The only person to suffer seriously from the whole affair was the knight errant Train. Owing to the court's declaration of his insanity he was destined to lose most of his property. Years later the erstwhile gay millionaire returned to New York, where he lived in miserable lodgings on Bleecker Street, subsisting largely on peanuts, until his death in 1904. Victoria Woodhull and Tennessee Claflin gradually reformed their ways, eventually married Englishmen of good position (Tenny becoming Lady Cook), and in their old age are said to have been much concerned over the spread of obscenity in modern fiction. But the one figure to derive solid profit from the hectic year 1872–73 was the defeated crusader, Anthony Comstock. At the beginning the Brooklyn *Eagle* had said of him slightingly, "As to Mr. Anthony Comstock, we never heard of him till he 'ranged himself' in legal company with the Claflin Sisters as their prosecutor and world-wide advertiser. Even then we never referred to him, for the same reason that we do not refer to last year's flies—he is entirely unimportant." But long before the end of the case there were some who realized that he belonged to next year's mosquitoes rather than to last year's flies. Thus *The Sunday Mercury* wrote, "It does not seem right . . . that the whole machinery of the Federal Government, with its courts and marshals, should be placed at the beck of a man who has, somehow or other, chosen it for his private business to deprive this woman of her liberty." And *The Weekly Argus,* "One of our standing boasts, 'Liberty of the Press,' is ours no longer, when, in the opinion of any single person, the contents of a paper are not exactly moral or high-toned, and should therefore be suspended and its publisher indicted."

On the whole, however, the newspapers were not inclined to make an issue of the affair. The greatest impediment to any sane treatment of the obscenity question had already appeared; it always seems too utterly ridiculous to be taken seriously. Also working to the same end were latter-day America's concern with personalities and indifference to principles. The Claflin sisters obviously did not wear the white robes suitable to martyrdom; one was not unnaturally reluctant to identify their scandalmongering with the cause of liberty. That obscenity had been used to cover

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what, if anything, should have been a libel suit; and that a private individual should have succeeded temporarily in usurping governmental powers—these, the really important aspects of the case, it took such unusually keen eyes as those of *The Argus* to perceive.

But Comstock had at any rate achieved the notoriety which in America is so akin to fame, and his followers were delighted. They decided to send him to Washington to obtain the passage of a Federal law. Pleasantly armed with a large number of lewd photographs and pictures, which he had been diligently confiscating at every opportunity, Comstock now invaded the national capital. Congress was busy in its not infrequent occupation of investigating its own honesty, owing to revelations of wholesale bribes distributed among its members by the Crédit Mobilier, on behalf of the newly formed Union Pacific. Comstock's diary, during his stay in Washington, registered much indignation against the low-necked dresses worn by congressmen's wives, but he was little worried by the political corruption of congressmen themselves. Something in him reached out to understand their position. Later when Boss Tweed was sentenced to imprisonment, his mood was one of unwonted sympathy. "Who makes me to differ?" he confided to his journal. "My temptations were not equal to this poor man's."

Anyway, the congressmen, corrupt and uncorrupt, as soon as the news of Comstock's exhibit was passed around, showed themselves eager visitors, and, after long and careful study of his collection, agreed that something certainly ought to be done about the situation. Having thus relieved their consciences, they took little interest in the fact that the extraordinary bill drawn up by Benjamin Vaughan Abbott—a consolidation of Comstock's and two other measures—went far beyond the question of indecent pictures. It was as if, to check a spring freshet, one should decree the removal of the snow on all the mountains. Probably the most evil of the many evil features of the bill was its inclusion together of obscenity, contraception, and abortion, thus confusing entirely different problems which in the interest of intellectual honesty, if nothing else, should have been kept apart. In its original form there was added to the clause prohibiting information as to contraception, the qualifying clause: "except from a physician in good standing, given in good faith." Even this slight concession to reason was stricken out, probably at Comstock's insistence, by an amendment offered by Senator Buckingham of Connecticut who was in charge of the bill on the floor. The whole measure received in the Senate only ten minutes of discussion, during which Senator Conkling of New York in vain asked that the bill be printed "in order that we may know something at least of what we are voting upon." He added, "For one, although I have tried to acquaint myself with it, I have not been able to tell, either from the reading of the apparently illegible manuscript, in some cases, by the Secretary, or from private information gathered at the moment, and if I were to be questioned now as to what this bill contains, I could not aver anything certain in regard to it."

Perhaps Senator Conkling's difficulties will be shared by the reader if he will glance hastily over this remarkable measure as though he were hearing it read haltingly from an illegible manuscript, with pauses probably in all the wrong places.

Every obscene, lewd, or lascivious, and every filthy book, pamphlet, picture, paper, letter,

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writing, print, or other publication of an indecent character, and every article or thing designed, adapted, or intended for preventing conception or producing abortion, or for any indecent or immoral use; and every article, instrument, substance, drug, medicine, or thing which is advertised or described in a manner calculated to lead another to use or apply it for preventing conception or producing abortion, or for any indecent or immoral purpose; and every written or printed card, letter, circular, book, pamphlet, advertisement, or notice of any kind giving information directly or indirectly, where, or how, or of whom, or by what means any of the hereinbefore-mentioned matters, articles or things may be obtained or made, or where or by whom any act or operation of any kind for the procuring or producing of abortion will be done or performed or how or by what means conception may be prevented or abortion may be produced, whether sealed or unsealed; and every letter, packet, or package, or other mail matter containing any filthy, vile, or indecent thing, device or substance and every paper, writing, advertisement or representation that any article, instrument, substance, drug, medicine, or thing may, or can be, used or applied, for preventing conception or producing abortion, or for any indecent or immoral purpose; and every description calculated to induce or incite a person to so use or apply any such article, instrument, substance, drug, medicine, or thing, is hereby declared to be a non-mailable matter and shall not be conveyed in the mails or delivered from any post office or by any letter carrier. Whoever shall knowingly deposit or cause to be deposited for mailing or delivery, anything declared by this section to be non-mailable, or shall knowingly take, or cause the same to be taken, from the mails for the purpose of circulating or disposing thereof, or of aiding in the circulation or disposition thereof, shall be fined not more than five thousand dollars, or imprisoned not more than five years, or both.

The other senators, however, did not care to understand the bill; they wanted simply to pass it and get on to something in which they were really interested. Practically without debate, and without a roll-call, the bill went through; the same thing occurred in the House on the last day of the session. Thus light-heartedly did Congress act on one of the most vicious and absurd measures that ever came before that august body. The law violated the first principle of just legislation which requires that crimes be defined with sufficient clearness to enable the honest citizen to avoid committing them. The absence of any definition of "obscene," other than by piling up equally vague synonyms, leaves the determination of the crime to the discretion of the Postmaster-General. The Post-Office, perhaps preferring thus to have publishers and authors at its mercy, perhaps deterred by the intrinsic difficulties of the situation, has consistently refused to issue any statement of its policy beforehand. Even more tyrannical is the clause prohibiting the "giving information . . . where or how or of whom, or by what means, any of the hereinbefore-mentioned matters . . . may be obtained." This means, for example, that if, in this year 1930, you should write to a friend telling him where he could obtain a copy of the most significant literary work of the last twenty years, James Joyce's "Ulysses," you would be legally subject to a $5,000 fine, or imprisonment for five years, or both. Finally, the prohibition of contraceptive information imposes the moral ideas of a particular class upon the whole community. Contraception, as is well known, is avowedly considered a sin by the Catholic Church, and perhaps this view is shared by most of the Protestant churches, but it very emphatically is not shared by most of those outside the churches. In any case, the matter belongs in the realm of private morality where legislation can only intrude at the cost of becoming ineffective and ridiculous.

Incredible as it may seem, not only is this Federal statute still in force to-day, fifty-six years after its passage, but in

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twenty-four States legislation modelled upon it is still unrepealed. Sometimes legislators were even able to outdo Comstock in severity: thus in the District of Columbia (under Congressional control) one is forbidden to tell anything that "will be calculated to lead another" to practise contraception, while in Colorado one is forbidden to bring contraceptive "knowledge" into the State! It is the knowledge of contraception, not its practice, which is forbidden in all but one instance, that of Comstock's native State, where in 1878 the following law wandered on to the statute books: "Every person who shall use any drug, medicinal article or instrument for the purpose of preventing conception shall be fined not less than fifty dollars or imprisoned not less than sixty days nor more than one year or both." The Connecticut law was the only one which was logical, but when one cannot be logical without being an ass, it shows that there is something wrong with his premises.

The premises underlying all this legislation are two mutually contradictory propositions, both inherited by the Christian churches from early Jewish mythology. According to the first proposition, nature, created by God, is intrinsically good, and sex is intrinsically holy; man's duty is "to increase and multiply." Hence the interference with natural processes involved in contraception is a moral evil, and anything which renders sex disgusting is obscene. But according to the second proposition, human nature, at least, was hardly created before it fell into sin, of which sex is the clearest symbol; "they knew that they were naked and were ashamed." Hence conception is the moral evil, only to be condoned by legal marriage, and anything which renders sex attractive is obscene. Logic cannot be flouted thus with impunity. The confused thinking which grew out of the attempt to accept all these conflicting ideas because they could all be found in the Bible, was directly reflected in confused living. It resulted in making sex both attractive and disgusting at the same time. It created the dirty and disease-ridden modern bawdy-house, which particularly flourished in the period under discussion.

Just as Comstock felt a secret community of interest with corrupt politics, so also he felt a secret sympathy for prostitution. In all his multifarious moral reforms, he never attempted to reach the one real plague-spot in the sex-life of his day. So also with his many followers. They were blunderingly trying to preserve their own type of blundering thinking. They were trying to keep people like themselves in control of the situation. They were not so much seeking to correct the very apparent moral evils about them, as to forestall a change in mental outlook which they dimly sensed as imminent. The churches particularly, already feeling a cold wind abroad, began to seek shelter behind the law. This ecclesiastical shift from religion to politics, to be emphasized a generation later in the prohibition movement, commenced in the period of Comstockery. With all this reactionary force, by no means confined to the churches, behind him, Comstock, by the age of thirty, was a figure to be feared.

His extraordinary career may be clearly followed in "Anthony Comstock, Roundsman of the Lord," by Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech. In the single year 1873, newly appointed "Special Agent of the United States Post Office" to enforce his own statute, he travelled 23,500 miles, arresting offenders, founding societies, appealing for more laws. In 1874 the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice was incorporated by the legislature with strange new pow-

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ers. "The police force of the city of New York," said the Act of Incorporation, "as well as of other places, where police organizations exist, shall, as occasion may require, aid this corporation . . . in the enforcement of all laws . . . for the suppression of the acts and offenses designated in Section 3 of this Act. Any agent of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice upon being designated thereto by the sheriff of any county in the State, may within such county make arrests." Here was a private organization suddenly empowered to take the place of the police and recognized as a semiofficial part of the government. This was perhaps the first instance of that alliance between the State and the private snooper which was to become increasingly popular in the United States as private snoopers became more numerous.

Something childish in the American nature is appealed to by the opportunity to play the amateur detective. The same juvenile love of disguise and masquerade which caused so many otherwise decent people to join the Ku Klux Klan leads them to welcome the chance to act as spies upon their neighbors. Comstock, whose I. Q. would almost certainly not have rated him above the age of twelve, revelled in the pleasures of snoopery which his position afforded. The most famous case of this kind was his trapping of Madame Restell, an abortionist on Fifth Avenue, sixty-seven years old, and about to retire from her business. Comstock went to her in disguise, told a pitiful tale of the poverty of himself and wife, and at last induced her to agree to perform an operation. On her arrest she killed herself, and Comstock boasted that it was the fifteenth suicide of which he had been the cause. About a month later Boston showed its approval of his act by organizing under his direction the Watch and Ward Society.

His two books, "Traps for the Young" and "Frauds Exposed," enable one to perceive the sort of images that thronged his own mind. His favorite words betray him. "Traps," "snares," "scars," "putrefying sores," "branding irons," "talons," "carrion," "vulture," "jackal," "cuttle-fish"—such were the companions of his fancy. One seeks in vain for any words of peace or loveliness. Those avenues he never entered. Instead, "Then ho for the Charles Street Jail!" as he ends one of his tales exultantly.

In 1902 another notable case of suicide was laid at his door. Ida C. Craddock, a former teacher of shorthand and a mystic, had produced "The Wedding Night," in praise of which Dr. W. S. Rainsford, the well-known Episcopal rector of St. George's, New York, had written to her expressing the wish that all young people might read so beneficial a book. Comstock announced that the work expounded "the science of seduction," a United States judge declared it "unspeakably obscene," and a jury which was not even permitted to see the book found the author guilty. Miss Craddock thereupon killed herself by inhaling gas in her room. She left behind a letter which said: "I am taking my life because a judge at the instigation of Anthony Comstock has declared me guilty of a crime which I did not commit—the circulation of obscene literature." Dr. Rainsford wrote to Comstock, "I would not like to be in your shoes. You have hounded an honest, not a bad, woman to death. I would not like to have to answer to God for what you have done." But Comstock was well content with his shoes. God would never condemn a Special Agent of the United States Post Office and the founder of the New York Society for the Sup-

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pression of Vice. "Cruel, uncivil, insulting, and unjustifiable" was the comment of Comstock's diary on Dr. Rainsford's letter.

So the sinister old man went on his way. In 1905 he called the attention of Police Commissioner McAdoo to Arnold Daly's impending performance of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" by "the Irish smut-dealer," Bernard Shaw. Police officers attended the first performance—one of unusual excellence with Daly, Chrystal Herne, and Mary Shaw in the leading rôles—and then suppressed the play. It dealt with the career of a courtesan, and although there were then estimated to be 100,000 members of that class on the sidewalks of New York, the public was not supposed to acknowledge their existence. The attitude of the police was that of the British government which, when W. T. Stead exposed the white-slave traffic in an article, "The Maiden Tribute," promptly put Stead in prison for a year and did nothing about the traffic. The close resemblance between man and the ostrich was never better illustrated. The actors, however, were later acquitted by a majority decision of two out of three justices, and the American public, reassured that Shaw was not obscene, could continue to attend his plays. But the decision came too late to reimburse Arnold Daly for the financial losses suffered by the closing of his theatre. Commenting upon the melancholy later years of this brilliant actor, Walter Prichard Eaton writes, in the biographical sketch contributed to the "Dictionary of American Biography," "There can be no question but that his production of 'Candida' and other Shaw plays, from 1903 through 1905, marked an important step forward in our theatre, and had it not been for the disastrous interference of Comstockery and his subsequent bankruptcy and intensified truculence, his later influence might have equalled that of his early years. He was a double victim of himself and Mrs. Grundy."

As Comstock drew toward his dotage he constantly became more arbitrary and absurd. He ordered the Macbeth Galleries on Fifth Avenue to remove from its windows a picture which he deemed objectionable, forced a Broadway garment maker to take from display an insufficiently clad wax figure, confiscated Art League pamphlets because they contained nude drawings, confiscated 2,000 copies of Daniel Corson Goodman's "Hagar Revelly" without having read the book, and objected to admitting to the mails the Rockefeller report on white slavery. But the United States government continued to stand behind him. "He has had and will continue to have the hearty support of this department," wrote Postmaster-General George B. Cortelyou in reply to protests.

At the age of seventy-one Comstock at last died. His body was laid away in Summit churchyard. The itching hands that had seized so many hapless shoulders and the restless brain that had teemed with cruel imagery were quieted forever. But on dark moonless nights the spirit of Anthony Comstock emerges from its grave and stalks abroad. You may meet it in its old haunts along the Bowery or on Boston Common or in those western towns which it first visited fifty years ago. You will recognize it by its faded ginger-colored whiskers, now wraith-like, and by its muttering to itself as it moves along—"Libidinous—lascivious—lewd!"

In fact, Comstock's ghost, after the manner of ghosts, has become more witless than Comstock ever was. In the great national capital of the United States it has inspired the police to prohibit the playing of "immoral music";

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in Texas it has penalized the use of "indecent language" over the telephone; and in seven States—Maine, Pennsylvania, Delaware, West Virginia, Louisiana, Wisconsin, and North Dakota—it tells all taxi-drivers that they will be arrested if they knowingly drive any person to a rendezvous—it apparently being the custom in those guileless regions for one to hail a taxicab and say, "I have a rendezvous with Miss So-and-so at such-and-such a number; please drive me there immediately." Comstock in his earthly career never attained the reckless heights to which his spirit drove those inhabitants of Norphelt, Ark., who in 1925 passed Ordinance No. 20, reading:

> Sec. 1.—Hereafter it shall be unlawful for any man and woman, male or female, to be guilty of committing the act of sexual intercourse between themselves at any place within the corporate limits of said town.
>
> Sec. 3.—Section One of this ordinance shall not apply to married persons as between themselves, and their husband and wife, unless of a grossly improper and lascivious nature.

As a mere mortal Comstock arrested Margaret Sanger for circulating a pamphlet giving contraceptive information, as an immortal he has arrested Mary Ware Dennett for circulating a pamphlet which merely explains the physiological basis of sex. In the flesh, he secured the temporary prohibition of "Mrs. Warren's Profession"; in the spirit, he secured the permanent suppression of "The Captive." During his life he had the bad habit of demanding convictions on the basis of particular passages in a work, regardless of the context; after his death, and as recently as 1927, this bad habit was made the explicit legal practice of New York State by a statute prohibiting the production of a play any portion of which deals "with the subject of sex degeneracy or sex perversion," thus legally banning such classics as "Œdipus Rex," "The Cenci," and "Ghosts." Let not the lovers of the classics in any field expect immunity. The man Comstock kept his hands off them, but the gibbering spook more recently at large in the Customs and the Post-Office has laid spectral paws on Rabelais, Boccaccio, and the "Arabian Nights."

Section 305 of the Tariff Act of 1922 prohibits the importation of any obscene book, pamphlet, or picture. Furthermore, it authorizes the seizure of an entire package if it contains a single objectionable work—apparently on the theory that obscenity is a kind of contagious disease that will seep through the covers of a book and infect its neighbors. A partial list of authors some of whose works have been banned includes, besides the three mentioned above, Aristophanes (whose "Lysistrata" was excluded at the very time that it was being performed on the New York stage), Ovid, Casanova, Balzac, Pierre Louys, the Earl of Rochester, George Moore, and James Joyce. The library of Pittsburgh University found itself unable to import the works of the Earl of Rochester. Albert Jay Nock, after reviewing the "Complete Works" of Rabelais for *The Nation,* mailed the volumes to a friend in America only to have them seized by the Collector of Customs at Chicago. The men who have performed these acts of literary vandalism do not seem to have enjoyed or at any rate profited from even a high school education. Thus the inspector who confiscated George Moore's translation of "Daphnis and Chloe" admitted before the United States Customs Court at Baltimore that he did not know whether Chaucer was alive or dead. Under these circumstances it is to be hoped that Congress, if it ever gets around to pass the

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tariff bill, will include Senator Cutting's amendment removing questions of literary taste from the jurisdiction of the customs officials. There will then be, at least, one less gang of silly creatures to contend with.

But only one less. In that merry book, "To the Pure," by Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle, present-day procedure is shown to be throughout precisely a fool's comedy.

Books become obscene, then pure, then again obscene, according to erratic decisions in lower and higher courts; they are pure in one State and obscene in another; they are pure and obscene in different cities of the same State; they are pure in foreign languages and obscene in English; they are pure in expensive bindings and obscene in cheap ones; they are pure in sets and obscene in individual editions.

It is no criticism of a policeman *qua* policeman, of judge *qua* judge, or of "average citizen" *qua* "average citizen" to say that he is not qualified to act as a censor of art and letters. In the work mentioned above, the authors have some interesting remarks about juries in this connection. "The reading matter of juries," they say, "is a delightful subject. In the recent case against 'Replenishing Jessica,' three jurors said they never read because of bad eyesight; eight others had never heard of such best-sellers as 'Elmer Gantry,' 'Oil,' or Ludwig's 'Napoleon'. . . . One honest male declared he never read, 'but my wife does the reading for the family.' Yet these men constituted the jury of his peers insured by law to Maxwell Bodenheim."

"Obscenity," after fifty years of legal effort, is still as far from definition as it was at the beginning. The Post-Office bureaucracy, to be sure, seems to have adopted a working definition adequate for its own purposes: "Obscenity is anything which the Postmaster General, or any one else in the department, shall at any time declare to be obscene." Under this fairly broad interpretation it has denied mailing privileges even to such scientific works as Melchow's "The Sexual Life," Butler's "Love and its Affinities," and Sanger's "History of Prostitution." The serious student could not obtain these works, but at the same time the Post-Office carried thousands of copies of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks" to delight shop-girls and drummers. The great city of Boston, on the other hand, specializes in the suppression of art, rather than of science. In the long list of works which have come under the Boston ban in recent years one finds the following:

"The World of William Clissold," by H. G. Wells
"Power," by Lion Feuchtwanger
"Dark Laughter," by Sherwood Anderson
"Oil," by Upton Sinclair
"Elmer Gantry," by Sinclair Lewis
"The American Tragedy," by Theodore Dreiser
"The Sun Also Rises," by Ernest Hemingway
"A Farewell to Arms," by Ernest Hemingway (as originally published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE)
"Manhattan Transfer," by John Dos Passos
"Nigger Heaven," by Carl Van Vechten
"Circus Parade," by Jim Tully
"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill.

In Boston, at least, obscenity has a consistent meaning. "Obscenity" is the same thing as "creative ability." The list includes nearly all of the significant contemporary American novelists, three of the most important European novelists, and the one great dramatist who has ever appeared in America. The authors attacked are all critics of society—that is the real offense. They are all attempting in one way or another, to introduce a little clarity into the confused *mores*

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of the hour. And the last thing which the so-called reformer wants is any real reform.

There is one slight advantage in the present methods of censorship, but it is insufficient to outweigh the evils. As every one knows, the attempted suppression of a book or play on the ground that it is sexually exciting is the best possible publicity. With their penchant for attacking the most important books, the vice-sleuths have undoubtedly in many cases promoted the sale of good literature. Americans first awoke to Walt Whitman in 1887 when a Boston district attorney threatened to attack his publisher unless twenty-six poems were modified; the good gray poet's royalties mounted in consequence until he was able to buy his home in Camden. James Branch Cabell might still be unknown and unread, had not John Sumner made a best-seller of "Jurgen." And more recently the first threat to prosecute "The Well of Loneliness" sent the sales bounding upward. Perhaps Boston, which has long since ceased to produce creative writers, is, after all, still doing its bit for literature in the only way that remains to it.

But these cases are considerably less numerous than the general public supposes. They require the able co-operation of an aggressive publisher to spread the news of the attempted censorship. And, obviously, they occur only when the attempt is unsuccessful. Even then, without churlishly begrudging an author his royalties from whatever source received, one may doubt whether the cause of letters is permanently promoted by such methods. The schoolboy who thumbs his Chaucer in order to find the jovial Miller's Tale or whose acquaintance with the Bible is confined to the story of the too careless Lot, hardly gains in this way a very deep appreciation of poetry or religion.

The truth is that the whole idea of adult censorship is indefensible. One must insist that it represents an unwarranted intrusion of the state into the realm of private morality. Its real aim is the suppression of thought, not the suppression of vice; the war is primarily against ideas, not against immoral music or indecent language over the telephone. One motive underlies all the attacks—fear of sex enlightenment. Freedom of discussion and the rational approach—these are the dreaded foes. To seek the ultimate source of the reformer's terror would lead at this point too far into psycho-analysis. Students of "morbid fears and compulsions" will recognize the type. It is a form of the deepest sex perversion which has turned the very instinct of life against itself. We are not here concerned with the reformer's inner life, however, but with the aims and results of his reforms. His methods are evidently self-refuting. One must first discuss in order to prevent discussion. Every effort to stop discussion leads simply to more discussion. If sex has become the chief theme of discourse in present-day America, the reformers are in large part the cause. They have made the subject even more exciting than it is by nature. They are rebellious weapons, but weapons none the less, in the hands of the gods of change.

Can the reading of the coming generation be censored? How do our children regard modern books? One who has had wide experience with girls of 14 to 17 reveals next month some significant facts.

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A story by the author of "Little Cæsar" (Literary Guild selection) and "Iron Man" (Book of the Month choice). Mr. Burnett belongs to that small but important group which is depicting the American scene in all its strength, its crudity, its beauty, and its cruelty.

Along the Tracks

BY W. R. BURNETT

It was toward evening when Paddy the Pig decided to wash his shirt. Little Felix, the dip, and Brandy were picking up wood for the fire, and Rio was lying on his back on some spread-out newspapers looking at the sky. Paddy took off his clothes and, carrying his shirt, waded out into the shallows toward the little rapids at Freight Bend. He washed himself hastily, then he began to wash his shirt. He was proud of his shirt. It was pink silk and had blue stripes in it. It was three sizes too big for him, but that didn't matter. A drunken man out in St. Joe had given it to him in a fit of generosity. For nearly a month Paddy had carried it in his bundle without putting it on once. One night in Kansas he got his old shirt ripped off in a run in with the constables. Since then he had worn his silk shirt.

"Hey, Paddy," called Rio, "keep your eyes on that solid gold shirt. Don't you let no fish take it away from you."

"Ain't that a shirt, though!" said Felix. "Some day I'll pinch it off his back."

"Shut up," said Paddy. "You couldn't pinch a ticker off a stiffy."

"I ain't been doing no time lately," said Felix.

"Light that fire," said Brandy, giving Felix a shove. "It's getting cold now the sun's down."

Rio turned to watch a long freight crawl across the trestle at the edge of the horizon. Felix lit the fire and Brandy tended it. Paddy waded to the shore, put on his clothes, and hung his shirt on a bush to dry. Then he squatted down by the fire, shivering. Rio jerked his thumb toward the freight.

"I bet we get a load of 'boes," he said.

"More 'n likely," said Paddy.

"Well," said Brandy, "they ain't eating on us. We're short this night."

"We got enough for four and that's all," said Rio.

Felix took a gallon can, filled it half full of water, then he began to take vegetables from his pocket, cut them up, and tossed them into the water. When he had thrown in his last vegetable, he took a can of oxtail soup from his hip pocket, ripped it open with a knife and poured it into the stew. Then he tossed the can to Rio.

"I glommed that right in front of the guy that run the store. I got speed, kid; hear me! I got speed. The hand is quicker than the eye."

"Put a medal on him," said Rio.

"It was a fast one, all right," said Brandy. "I seen it."

"I never seen such a guy for blowing his own horn," said Rio.

Paddy's shirt blew down from the bush and he got hastily to his feet to keep it from blowing into the river.

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"Watch that solid gold shirt," said Rio.

The sun was down now, but the long, thick coil of smoke from the freight was tinted a pale yellow on the edges. At the horizon, the trestle loomed tall and black, and a white mist had begun to rise from the river.

"Getting damp," said Paddy. "I wish my shoit was dry."

Felix took a big stick and began to stir the stew.

"Smell that mulligan," said Brandy. "I could eat a horse."

They heard the freight whistling for the crossing at Bush Siding.

"'Boes ought to be showing," said Rio.

"They better bring their own chow," said Brandy.

"They'll be eating light if they don't," said Felix.

"I wish my shoit was dry," said Paddy, fixing his coat collar up around his neck with a safety pin.

"Lay off the shirt," said Rio. "It's getting so I see it in my sleep."

But Paddy took his shirt from the bush and held it over the fire. Rio got to his feet and began to walk up and down.

"What did the whittler have to say over in Perry?" he asked Brandy.

"Said if we showed again, he'd throw us in the can."

"What's the matter with that guy? He used to be O. K."

"Why, some bum stuck up a drugstore," said Felix. "The town was full of 'boes and the whittler thinks one of them done it."

"Town's too small for local talent," said Brandy.

"What do you know?" Rio inquired.

"Nothing," said Brandy. "But I'd like to have a cut at the dough. The guy got two hundred bucks."

"Two hundred in a joint like Perry!" said Rio. "That's out! If he got fifty berries, he's lucky. That's the way with them tanktowns. Free advertising."

"Sure," said Felix. "My old pal Jumpy pulled a heavy once when he was full of coke and got ten bucks. It was in a joint like Perry. When the paper comes out this butter and egg man says he got nicked for one hundred berries."

"That's it," said Rio.

Paddy, listening to Felix, singed the tail of his shirt.

"Look what you made me do," he cried. "Look what I done to my shoit. I wish you guys'd keep your faces shut."

Brandy and Felix rolled on the ground, laughing, and nearly kicked over the stew.

"You and your shirt," said Rio, getting to his knees and tasting the stew.

There was still a little light in the sky, but along the river bank it was dark and the fire threw splashes of red on the river. Some one began to sing in the darkness.

> "Sitting in the jailhouse
> With my face to the wall;
> A redheaded woman
> Was the cause of it all."

"Here they come," said Rio.

Paddy took off his coat and put on his shirt; then he took the stick from Felix and began to stir the stew.

"Hey, 'boes," the singer called, "here comes a guy with an appetite."

"We ain't putting out," said Rio.

"No?" said the singer, coming up to the fire and looking down into the stew.

He was young, not over twenty-five, and he was big with broad shoulders, a bull neck and big fists which dangled from the sleeves of a coat too small for him.

"Ain't putting out, hunh!" he said, looking at the four of them in turn. "Hell you ain't!"

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He took the stick from Paddy and began to stir the stew.

"You heard me," said Rio, feeling in his pocket for his clasp knife. "This man's country is low on grub and we ain't been eating regular. So we ain't putting out."

The singer laughed and went on stirring. Rio walked over to him, took the stick out of his hand and gave him a shove.

"Sit down and use the fire, kid," he said, "but you don't get no cut on this stew."

The singer looked at Rio mildly, turned to look at the others, then sat down and said nothing. Rio gave the stick to Paddy, who went on stirring. The fire was blazing now and Paddy began to get hot, so he took off his coat. The singer ran his hand along Paddy's back, feeling his shirt.

"Get away," said Paddy, striking at the singer with his stick. "Keep your mits off of my shoit."

"That's a shirt what is a shirt," said the singer. "I guess you better get out of that shirt and let me crawl in."

Paddy turned and stared at the singer, who laughed.

"You put your hands on that shoit again," said Paddy, "and I'll bend this stick over your head."

"You'll be Paddy the Pig," said the singer.

"That's me," said Paddy.

"I done time with you in a jailhouse in Oklahoma ten years ago," said the singer, "when I was just starting out."

"You wasn't out of diapers ten years ago," said Rio.

The singer laughed.

"Stir that stew up, Paddy," he said. "I can't pull my belt up no farther."

Brandy took out a tin cup and dipped into the stew. But when he was bringing the cup up to his lips the singer reached up suddenly, wrenched it from his hands, and started to drink it. Rio took out his clasp knife and walked slowly toward the singer. Paddy raised his stick.

"Good! O. K.!" said the singer; "you guys can make slum for Oregon, any day. You're hired, 'boes; you're hired."

Paddy lowered his stick and looked at Rio, who stopped in his tracks and slipped his knife back into his pocket. But Brandy made a grab at the cup, his face contorted.

"Gimme that cup, you punk," he said, "or I'll break your dirty neck."

"Whoa, Brandy," said Rio. "Let the guy alone."

"Much oblige," said Oregon, grinning at Rio.

"Say," said Brandy, "what's wrong with you, Rio, letting a punk like that glom your grub?"

"That's Oregon, the fast rambler," said Paddy, pushing Brandy away from Oregon. "Ain't you never heard of Oregon?"

"I seen his name places," said Brandy, staring at Oregon; "but that ain't no reason for him grabbing my stew."

Oregon handed Brandy back his cup empty.

"Fill it up and take a pull at that stew," he said. "It's fit for the Ritz."

Brandy got himself a cup of stew and sat down to eat it. Paddy ladled some out for Rio, Felix and himself, then he said:

"Help yourself to another cut, Oregon. I guess we got plenty."

Oregon ran his hand over Paddy's back again, feeling his shirt.

"I'm strong for that shirt, Paddy," he said. "What say you make me a present of it?"

"What a chance," said Paddy.

While Oregon stared at the fire, Paddy hastily put on his coat and pinned

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it up around his neck. Rio, Felix and Brandy sat eating their stew. Paddy went back to the fire and picked up his tin cup.

"Where's the rest of the 'boes?" he asked Oregon.

"Only a couple more on the rattler," he said. "I don't ride no bumpers like that regular, but I had to be leaving sudden, so there you are. The whittler made it hot for us over in Perry. Got up on his hind legs 'cause some guy stuck up a drugstore."

"So they tell me," said Rio.

They ate in silence. Beyond them in the darkness they heard some one walking.

"Yard bulls," said Rio.

"Why can't they let us alone?" said Brandy, gulping down his stew.

"It ain't the bulls," said Oregon. "It's them two 'boes from Perry. An old 'bo with a gunsel."

Two hoboes stepped into the light of the fire and hesitated. One was very young, not over sixteen, small and pale; the other was big and burly and looked sixty years old. His clothes were ragged and he had a battered hat pulled down over his face. He was using a stick to walk with and his hands trembled.

"Hi," he said.

"Hello," said Rio.

"Gonna use a little fire," said the old hobo. "Let's squat, Bud."

Bud and the old hobo sat down near Rio.

"Out of Perry?" asked Rio.

"Yeah," said Bud.

The old hobo sat staring into the fire, apathetic, his hands lying on his knees, palms up.

"Hot over there, ain't it?"

"Yeah," said Bud.

Oregon looked at the old hobo and laughed.

"How's the canned heat, Mary?"

Mary raised his eyes slowly and glanced at Oregon, but said nothing.

"We found Mary out in the yards at Kokomo laying like somebody had crocked him. The punk over there was out too, but wiggling. They drink canned heat."

"Yeah," said Bud, grinning. "We drink it some."

"Ain't that so, Mary?" Oregon insisted.

Mary nodded.

"How come they call you Mary?" demanded Brandy.

Bud laughed.

" 'Cause he's got such funny eyes, like a woman," he said.

Mary snorted, but took a pint of alcohol out of his pocket and tipped it up without a word. Then he put it back in his pocket.

"Sociable guy," said Oregon.

"Well," said Bud, "there ain't nobody handing us nothing that I can see."

"Go get some wood for the fire, Bud," said Mary.

Bud got up without word. Oregon laughed.

"Pipe that!" said Oregon. "A hard guy you are, taking orders from an old bum like that."

"Maybe the kid likes his ways," said Felix.

They all laughed. Mary said nothing. Bud disappeared to get the wood. Rio turned to Mary.

"How about a drink?"

Mary shrugged his shoulders and looked at the fire. Rio glanced at Oregon, who got up immediately and walked over to Mary. Oregon had lost his affability. He took Mary by the shoulder and shook him.

"Get that bottle out your pocket and snap it up."

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Mary looked up at Oregon foggily.

"That's my liquor," he said.

Oregon pushed him back on the ground, knelt on him and took the bottle away from him. Then he tipped it up and took a long pull. Mary sat up and stared at the fire. The bottle passed from Paddy to Felix, from Felix to Rio, from Rio to Brandy. It was empty. Oregon took the bottle and tossed it to Mary.

"There you are," he said. "When Oregon says do something, do it."

Oregon swaggered back to his place by the fire and sat down. Bud came with an armload of wood and fed the fire. He saw the empty bottle lying at Mary's feet.

"Hell, Mary," he said, "did you kill that pint already?"

Mary shook his head.

"I killed it," said Oregon. "When I ask a guy for something and he don't give it to me, I take it."

Paddy thought about his shirt and began to get worried. Oregon put his hand on Paddy's shoulder; the raw alcohol had begun to affect him already.

"Like Paddy's shirt here," he said. "I already asked him for it. When I get good and ready I'm gonna take it off his back. Ain't that so, Paddy?"

"You wouldn't do that, now would you, Oregon?" whined Paddy.

Oregon threw back his head and laughed.

"Be a sport, Oregon," said Rio. "Give Paddy a break."

"Shut up," said Oregon. "I guess you guys don't know who Oregon is! Ever hear of Round House, the 'bo that used to be a strong man with Ringlings? Well, what happened to old Round House? One time in a jungle near Des Moines, he drank a pint of mule and thought he was tough, so he says, 'I'm the best man in the sticks. I'm the best man in the world. I kin lift a billiard table with one hand.' So I socks him and he falls in the fire and burns all his hair off."

Oregon threw back his head and laughed.

"That's Oregon!" he said.

Mary yawned loudly, then sat looking at the fire. Oregon stared at him.

"Say," he demanded, "are you razzing me?"

"No," said Bud, "he always yawns like that."

"Well," said Oregon, "when I'm talking, guys don't yawn, get the idea? You pull any more yawns on Oregon and he'll bust your pan in!"

Mary spat into the fire, took another bottle out of an inside pocket and took a long pull at it; then he passed it to Bud, who looked at it, smelled it, then, his hand shaking, handed it to Oregon, who had already got to his feet and was coming toward them. Oregon tipped the bottle up and finished it. Then he kicked Mary's feet out of his way and walked around the fire a couple of times.

"At a new 'bo camp I always walk around the fire," he said; "it's lucky."

Mary yawned loudly.

"Say . . .!" said Oregon, but Paddy caught his eye and he sat down beside him. "Paddy," he went on, "that shirt's about ripe."

"You wouldn't take my shoit, now would you, Oregon?" Paddy whined.

Brandy drew away into the darkness and lay down on some newspapers. Felix followed him. They weren't going to get in any scrape over a shirt. But Rio said:

"Give the guy a break, Oregon."

"Shut up," said Oregon. "I'll give you a break in a minute. How'd you like to

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wake up and find yourself in that fire?"

Oregon put his arm around Paddy and began to unfasten his coat.

"Don't take my shoit for God's sake," cried Paddy.

"Push him in the face, the bum," said Mary.

Everybody stared at Mary. Even Brandy sat up and looked with his mouth open at the old hobo, who had his hat on the back of his head now and was striking at his shoes with his heavy stick.

"What's that, you!" said Oregon.

"I said, push him in the face," yelled Mary. "And I mean you, you big fourflusher. Who in hell you think you are, taking a guy's liquor. You get wise with me and I'll kick your face in for you."

Oregon stared at Mary, then he threw back his head and laughed.

"It's the whiteline talking," said Bud, trembling. "He don't mean it, Oregon. He'll pass out 'fore long, like he always does."

"O. K.," said Oregon. "I ain't picking on no cripples. But keep his mouth shut for him, punk, or I'll take him apart."

Mary yawned loudly and spat into the fire. Oregon looked at him, hesitated, then turned back to Paddy, who was trying to crawl away.

"Off with the shirt, Paddy," said Oregon. "I'm making the 7.54 for Denver."

"You wouldn't take my shoit, now would you, Oregon?" Paddy whined.

"Show you I'm a sport," said Oregon. "I'll trade you mine for it. It's a good flannel shirt."

"Mine's silk," said Paddy.

"Take off that shirt," said Oregon.

"Push him in the face," said Mary.

"Say . . .!" called Oregon.

"He don't mean it! He don't mean it!" said Bud, trembling.

"One more crack . . ." said Oregon.

Paddy got up and tried to run, but Oregon tackled him, fell on top of him and ripped his coat open.

"Don't tear my shoit!" Paddy wailed.

But Oregon paid no attention to him. Brandy crawled a little farther into the darkness and lay down. Felix sat up to watch. Paddy writhed and struggled but Oregon put his knee on Paddy's chest and knocked the wind out of him.

"He's killing me," cried Paddy. "For God's sake don't let him take my shoit."

"Push him in the face, the bum," said Mary, getting to his feet. "King of the jungles is he? Yeah, the big fourflusher. I was bossing 'boes before that bum was born. Push him in the face."

Oregon turned and stared at Mary, then he got to his feet and dragged Paddy with him.

"He don't mean it! He don't mean it!" cried Bud.

Oregon shook Paddy and flung him on the ground.

"Listen," he said, "you try running away and I'll fill you full of lead. I pack a gat and I use it."

Paddy sat with his arms over his head like a terrified monkey. Brandy got silently to his feet and disappeared in the direction of the trestle. Felix moved into the circle of the firelight and stood watching Mary, who was staring at Oregon. Bud, with his eyes on Oregon, started backing slowly out of danger, but Rio went over and stood near Paddy.

Suddenly Felix raised his arm and pointed at Mary.

"I know that guy," he cried. "I done time with him in San Quentin. He got the book and spent half his time in the hole. One time he busted out but they got him."

"But I busted out again," said Mary.

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Oregon threw back his head and laughed.

"Tough, is he?"

"Plenty tough," said Mary. "Too tough to take any lip from a guy that ain't dry behind the ears yet."

"He don't mean it," cried Bud. "It's that alcohol. He's quiet as a lamb when he's sober."

"I'll quiet him," said Oregon. "Tough, is he? Busts out of San Quentin, does he? I'm gonna save somebody a lot of trouble."

He reached inside his shirt and pulled out a small automatic.

"Kiss him good-by," he said, "'cause here he goes."

Bud turned and ran into the darkness. Rio tried to pull Paddy to his feet but Paddy cowered down, whimpering. Felix stood looking from Mary to Oregon, fascinated, unable to move.

"Fast rambler, yeah," said Mary. "Tough guy. Picks on old 'boes that can't lift a hand and him packing a heater. Yeah, tough guy. Goes into a store over in Perry and sticks up a frail fifteen years old and gets away with about twenty bucks. Yeah, tough guy. Big time boy. Wants to steal a poor 'bo's shirt. Yeah, bad guy."

Oregon's hat was off and his hair was bristling. He raised his gun.

"Here he goes," he said.

But Mary leaped straight at Oregon and struck him on the arm with his stick. The automatic fell on the ground. Oregon made a dive for it, but Mary brought his stick down on Oregon's head. Then as Oregon fell, he hit him three times.

"He's a goner," said Felix.

They all stood looking down at Oregon, who never moved. Bud came running back and picked up the automatic which he handed to Mary.

"Yeah," said Mary, "tough guy."

Beyond the trestle, they heard the 7.54 for Denver whistling.

"There's our rattler," said Felix, laughing from nervousness; then turning, he called: "Brandy! Brandy!"

Far away in the darkness Brandy answered:

"Here! I'm making Denver."

Rio pulled Paddy to his feet and they all started to run for the tracks. Bud seized Mary around the waist and helped him along. Felix took the lead.

They waited for the train beyond Bush Siding. It was a fast freight and the crew was not hostile to 'boes, but generally put up with them if there weren't too many. They hid behind a tool shed until the train gained a little momentum, then they all climbed into an empty gondola. A mile beyond Bush Siding the freight began to travel, eating up the track. A big yellow moon ran along with the train on their left and the sky was full of stars. But it had begun to get chilly and the hoboes could see their breath. Felix and Brandy curled up together and went to sleep. Rio sat looking at Mary, who was sitting with his hands palms up on his knees.

Bud leaned over and whispered to Rio.

"It's wearing off. When he's sober he's gentle as a lamb."

Paddy laughed.

"Well, any way," he said, "I still got my shoit."

"The Golden Egg," a story of three women, their lives and their illusions, by Josephine Herbst, another member of the new group of able American writers, will be one of the important short stories in the May SCRIBNER'S. *It shows the plight in modern America of women brought up in an older tradition.*

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MARRIAGE—Inside and Out

There is no more serious question to-day than the status of marriage. In the two articles following, we present a view of marriage from within which calls for a new estimate and the view of an ex-wife who is now outside the married state.

I. Without Benefit of Sociology

BY FRANCES WILLIAMS AND ROBERT C. BINKLEY

A CERTAIN activity called marriage has been going on among us for some time. The Church has given it a grudging sanction in the well-known words of St. Paul. The State has recognized its product, the family. In these later days the Sociologists have taken on themselves the task of studying the institution and giving us advice about it, for it is said by some to be in a bad way.

Parallel to this institution there runs something with the same name but with different purposes. The State does not recognize it, the Church frowns on it, and the Sociologist, when he puts on his professional glasses, is unable to see it at all. It is a sort of sub-atomic relationship, hidden from his view as the structure of the atom was hidden from Isaac Newton. We might call it "marriage for two."

Sociologists know a good deal about the conventional institution of marriage. They have studied it under primitive conditions in Africa and the islands of the South Seas. They have made us all think of marriage in terms of social purpose. The problems of the family are, they say, social problems; they arise in what is called a social institution which has, as they express it, the social function of perpetuating the race and transmitting the social heritage. But something eludes the Sociologist—the hidden mainspring that makes marriage work regardless of the institutional form in which it may be cast. The marriage of which they speak is marriage for society; it is not marriage for two.

Marriage for society has fallen on evil days. A man looks from the window of his Pullman-compartment home into a street swarming with children and perambulators, and the biblical exhortation to increase and multiply leaves him cold. If there are children in his own family they are largely cared for by the community, in the day nursery, the school, summer camp and Scout troop. Indeed, the psychologist-educator has revealed to him that too much home life and too much parental attention are actually deleterious to the young. Reproduction and caring for offspring, the twin functions which the Sociologists ascribe to the family, do not serve in these times as conscious motives for marrying or for staying married.

Nor is marriage necessary as a means to sex satisfaction. Men need not now resort to prostitutes for sex experience outside of marriage, nor must women marry in order to learn what we call euphemistically "the facts of life." Such

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studies as Calverton's "Bankruptcy of Marriage" and Hamilton's "Research in Marriage" indicate that people of the sort we call respectable about as often as not have sex relations with respectable partners before marriage.

A recent survey by the Department of Labor shows that marriage no more assures economic security to women than it guarantees home-cooking and a comfortable fireside for husbands. When it is necessary for women to contribute to the family budget, the old housekeeping ways and traditions dearly associated with home life must go by the board. It is this dissolving away of conventional attributes of marriage that leads the person who thinks in sociological terms to agitate himself about "the break-up of the family."

The following incident was related at one of those perennial discussions of marriage and morals. "I hear your daughter is married," a friend said to the father of a modern young woman. "So I hear," replied the father sardonically. "She picked out a young college fellow I scarcely know, took him down to the City Hall, and now they say they're married. She hasn't changed her name, she hasn't given up her job, and they live together in one of these apartments where you cook on a gas plate behind a Chinese screen. Is this marriage? In my time the only people who lived like that were living in sin."

He grinned as he spoke, yet there was resentment in his tone. "For years now I have looked forward to the time when her youngsters would be calling me grandpa. Now she says she's not going to have any children. Why, they don't even have a home! I can't imagine what they see in such a marriage as that!"

What do the young people see in a marriage which evades social responsibilities? What is the nature of the relationship which means more to them than the customs the sociologists study and the duties which their parents expect them to fulfil?

It is, first of all, a personal relationship, existing between two particular persons who drew apart from their group in the intimacy of courtship, and established themselves as an independent family. Their fathers may complain, the preacher may scold, but in this relationship they accept no obligations save those which they owe to each other. A childless family is, from the sociological point of view, a failure; from the patriarchal point of view a disappointment, but from the point of view of the two who marry the presence or absence of children is not the measure of success. For them the function of marriage is to bring into their lives certain enduring loyalties. It is an attempt to make life more worth while. Its duration is necessary, not to educate the young, but to allow time to realize the investment of personality that they have made in each other, in a long sequence of shared experience. Instead of marriage existing for the sake of children, children are important for what they may contribute in this experience. The tragedy of divorce is not its effect on the children, but its effect on the husband and wife themselves. These are the essentials of the personal view of marriage.

One who views marriage from this personal standpoint will discount the complaints and cries of alarm uttered by those who do not distinguish the institutional trappings of marriage from the inner mechanism that makes it go. The youngsters who marry with never a thought of the social heritage, and take all due means to prevent reproducing their kind, are perhaps placing a higher value on the relationship they

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call marriage than their more fertile progenitors placed upon the matrimonial institution. That which appears from the social point of view to be disorder and degradation of the marriage system may be an ordering and raising of the ideals of marriage above their previous level. More frequent divorces may be a proof, not that people get less than they used to out of marriage, but that they demand more. The more intelligently people apprehend their situation in marriage, the less attention they will pay to the customary and conventional aspects of marriage which sociology regards as decisively important.

The Chinese conservatives bewail the fact that the modern Chinese bride is refusing to live in a great household dominated by her mother-in-law, but demanding an independent establishment. They call this the break-up of the family. But we would say rather that it is the emancipation of the family from a ponderous oppressive, super-family group.

The Italian mother criticises the ways of the Western world: "The Americans get married as they would go for a walk in the park." The Italian marriage requires more formality. There is the contractual marriage settlement, and the marriage portion to be attended to. From our standpoint the American marriage is a purer form because less mixed with money matters. The habit of judging by externals has led American conservatives to fancy that they can rescue home and marriage by taking women out of offices, putting them back in the kitchens, and impregnating them.

A generation ago sociology did a great service by supplanting the Church as the expounder of the verities of marriage; now it is time that sociology itself should be supplanted. It was once an important innovation in thinking to realize that marriage forms were made by social custom and convention, not defined once and for all by Holy Writ. Now it is important to recall that the form only and not the essence of marriage is socially given.

In the reign of the minister and the missionary it took intellectual courage to be tolerantly disposed toward the marriage customs of savage people; subsequently we came to honor the anthropologists who study primitive customs more than the missionaries who seek to destroy them; we even came to praise strange customs to the disparagement of our own—as witness the reviews of Miss Mead's "Coming of Age in Samoa." It is time we went farther to realize that customs touch only the superficialities of marriage.

The language of sociology came to supplant the language of the pulpit in the discussion of marriage problems; the churchmen themselves followed the fashion. The Committee on Marriage and the Home, of the Federation of Churches, did not report that companionate marriage was unchristian, but that "its effects would be anti-social." The next step will be to get rid of this parvenu vocabulary which exalts sociality, and to find terms which will honor personality, in the discussion and analysis of marriage.

The failure of the science of society to deal competently with problems of marriage is notorious. The earnest efforts of able men, compelled by the postulates of their science to regard the family as societal rather than personal, have come to nothing. The success which has marked the use of the sociological point of view in the study of race problems and labor problems has been absent in the

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study of the family. The most useful analyses of domestic situations are being made to-day by intelligent novelists, and come to us as a by-product of literature rather than as a product of the scientific method.

Certainly it must be granted that the sociologists have made heroic efforts to be practical and useful, even in the actual concrete problems of individual families. They have entered homes whenever notorious poverty or discord therein gave them the opportunity, and they have tried manfully to set things to rights. They call this "case work" or "social therapy," preferring the longer word. In this work they have been useful only when they have lost contact with their classroom theories.

The fact that the case workers practically abandon the sociological point of view is obscured by the complexities of a new and artificial vocabulary. By "diagnosis" the practical sociologist means an attempt to explain why an unhappy married couple gets on so badly. There is a list of domestic tensions, and there are ways of diagnostically resolving trouble into its constituent tensions. But when the explanations are translated back to the language of common life, they do not greatly differ from the explanation which any circle of village gossips would offer in accounting for the same facts.

When the case worker turns from diagnosis to therapy he has at his command many "technics and skills." Joanna C. Colcord found that she was using no less than eighty, and that in a single interview in the office of the Charity Association she would use at least fifteen. These skills, which are listed as "1, approbation; 2, refusing to take offense; 3, inconsequential pleasantries; 4, forestalling interruption, . . ." are in fact the commonplaces of conversational manner which every successful real-estate man, insurance agent, or shoe salesman uses in interviews with his customers.*

The practical remedies which, in social therapy, are administered with this formidable array of skills are not derived in any direct way from the body of social theory. The man whose employment is irregular is advised to look for a steady job; the family hopelessly compromised in its neighborhood relations is told to move away and make a fresh start; the pair with too many children is informed about birth control. Thus the pure science of society when applied to family problems suffers a degradation which makes it almost unrecognizable.

However valuable may be the body of data which the sociologists have laboriously accumulated and organized, those who deal with launching new marriages or repairing broken ones find that the people involved, perhaps perversely, seek other values than those of sociology. The principles of sociology degenerate into a useless jargon when it is attempted to make them serve as the principles of a family relationship.

The incompetence of the sociological study of the family to come to grips with the most significant problems of family life is not merely another instance of a gulf separating theory from practice; it is an instance of an attempt to apply the wrong theory instead of the right one. The divergence between the personal and sociological point of view is profoundly rooted, and in marriage the personal aspect of things is crucial. Down in the unuttered prejudices of

*See articles by Mowrer, Colcord, and others in June, 1929, *Social Forces*.

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those who marry there are assumptions regarding human nature, responsibility, and value which contrast strongly with the assumptions of sociology. Sociologists since Comte have regarded the "individual" as a fictitious abstraction; courtship and marriage go on in the opposite conviction: that the individual personalities are supremely real, and that society, the outer world, is insubstantial and inconsequential. This is the truth which lovers testify in seeking above all to be alone together.

"Individual differences" are the bane of the social sciences, for they spoil smooth generalizations, but love and marriage feed upon them. "You are so different from the rest," the lover says, and the principles of courtship guarantee that this is meant as praise. For it is the nature of mating to be selective, to distinguish between varying qualifications, to separate the individual from the group by emphasizing individual differences, just as it is the nature of social science to assimilate the individual to the group by ignoring them.

Here is a little story. What will sociology see in it? John and Mary, coworkers in a factory, become lover and mistress, and subsequently marry and raise a family. Let us give the sociologist the facts about these lives; how will he order them and what facts will he regard as significant? The facts about their factory work will provide him with material on labor conditions, their love affair with data on the moral state of society, their marriage with information on standards of domestic life. He is interested in John as a sample laborer, a sample lover, or a sample husband. But to Mary, on the contrary, John is first of all a person and the most important thing about him is that he is himself rather than some other man.

Moreover, the sociologists tend to regard human actions as the automatic results of heredity and environment. They are the witnesses who are forever testifying that crime is the result of social conditions, not the fault of the criminal. Theirs is the method which always discounts the significance of personal responsibility in human actions.

The young man brings his girl-friend a box of candy. She appreciates it, gives him credit for the act. Sociology gives the credit to the customs of the land. If she thought, as the sociologist thinks, that John was merely doing automatically what custom compelled him to do, the gift would lose most of its meaning for her. There is no need to go into the metaphysics of determinism and free will; it is clear that the sociologists could not make a successful science without giving first place to the influence of social forces in determining conduct, nor could the maiden have a successful courtship, nor the wife a successful marriage, without going on the theory of personal responsibility.

The practical importance of these differences in emphasis and outlook is apparent whenever a husband or wife adopts for some special occasion the foreign social-science point of view. When the husband has come home drunk, the wife may say to herself: "It is not his fault, it is a habit he got into in the army." Thus when she wishes to deprive something of the significance it should normally have in domestic affairs, she can do so by adopting the social science point of view and ascribing it to heredity or environment. And when the wife comes to say to her husband (what the sociologist has said all the time), "You are just like all the other men," this is rightly taken as an evidence of a degradation in their attitudes toward each other.

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When marriage is envisaged without benefit of sociology its place in the modern scheme takes on a new significance. Marriage in the sociological sense is being crowded out by modern conditions, but marriage in the personal sense is more necessary to individual life than it ever was before. The social functions of marriage are being evaded or usurped, while its personal functions are being amplified. Contraception makes it possible for marriages to evade the social function of procreation, while educational enterprises of ever-growing range and complexity are usurping the old function of the family in the education of the young. But at the same time all the varied human relationships except marriage are losing functions they once fulfilled in the personal life of the individual.

Few are the jobs which still give to the worker the experience of personal comradeship or personal loyalty. Instead of the boss who knew the workman's family there are to-day efficient managers who do not even know the workman's name. The workmen of *Middletown* are reported to have only the most superficial acquaintance with their fellow workmen and neighbors. Among the executives the attitude toward human relationships is well enough indicated by the word they use: they call an acquaintance a "contact." The employee is not a man but a number, the employer not a person but a legal abstraction. Corporation ownership and factory technology have depersonalized the whole economic world, and marriage has become the last refuge of personality.

It is not only a refuge for personality but a school for character. Innumerable are the subterfuges which in business and the work of the world protect and perpetuate — even reward — hardness, selfishness, and hypocrisy, but sooner or later the pitiless intimacy of marriage breaks through them all, to punish without mercy those who cannot learn to lose the thought of themselves; to shatter the world of the egocentric and compel him to grow into a new life; or to reward beyond measure those who accept its intrinsic ideals.

What, then, are the characteristics of marriage which enable it to fulfil its functions with respect to personality? They can be summed up in three words: sex, loyalty, duration.

Marriage is first of all a sex union. Under modern conditions this need not involve parenthood. But sex itself, regardless of whether it results in procreation, plays a leading rôle in the development of personality. The sex side of life is much more pervasive than we used to believe, and marriage affords a scheme in which the sex side of life can be integrated with other activities. And here sex becomes tied up with loyalty.

Man needs some scheme of values in the light of which things will appear worth while. If he lacks such a scheme, then the more reflective and intelligent he is, the more he will waste himself in contradictory impulses, the more his best energies will cancel each other out. Now marriage provides a whole ordered hierarchy of values if only each partner takes it as a dogma of his life that the welfare of the other is supremely valuable to him.

Such mutual loyalty engenders a kind of comradeship which suffuses all behavior in the marriage enterprise. The marriage relationship is defined by this attitude rather than by any external and customary standard. Freedom, not status, spontaneity, not conformity, are the principles of personality-marriage.

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An ex-wife explains why those who divorce insist on telling —to the amusement (if not profit) of the interested audience. The identity of the author must be concealed, due to her position in society and the world of business.

II. The Ex-Married Confess

BEHIND every divorce lies a very real experience, and in most cases actual suffering, even among the chronic divorcers. Flippant as they appear in public, in private they have their bad hours. But nowadays, people do not suffer in silence. The modern method is to present a story to the public, for general repetition. It may or may not be believed, but it serves as the official statement, and to some extent as a mental mitigation. If you see it in print, it must be true.

With two divorces, one of the most refined and expensive sort and the other merely mechanical, to my credit or discredit, and with three husbands as sources of experience, I have frequently been tempted, even urged, to write about ex-ism. It would have been a relief to present my feelings in print, and the financial rewards would have been most welcome. It always seemed, however, a fatuous proceeding, taking advantage of a phase, a breach of literary and marital ethics which I should afterward regret. What I do feel competent to do and justified in doing, is to explain why other ex-es explain themselves.

Now, the public is always interested in other people's troubles, and with the increase in divorce, has come an avid curiosity to learn all the details. To meet this demand, the ex-es have thrown discretion to the winds, and are setting down on paper all sorts of things that have happened to them, which presently appear in article or book form and are devoured by the populace. Other husbands and wives enjoy sharing the more conclusive and exciting affairs of their companions under the bond; they also sneakingly hope to obtain some new information or comfort from these racy recitals.

And just there, in my opinion, lies the fallacy of the confessional story, one reason that the vogue will pass. I don't believe that any one benefits personally from anything that he or she reads about married life; and neither do I believe that these authors ever tell the specific cause of the dissolution, even if they know it themselves. These stories, to my mind, are ventilation, pure and simple.

The first available statistics on divorce show that in 1887 there were 27,919 divorces to 483,069 marriages, or 5.5 divorces to a hundred marriages. During the nineties, there was a slight increase, but, socially speaking, the process was in the kindergarten stage. Husbands and wives did disagree, even then, but if the disagreement came to a head, a family conclave was held. Of first importance was what people would say, what the neighbors would think, if anything leaked out. With that as a basis of procedure, some method of arbitration or *modus vivendi* was evolved and put into execution. It may not have been a happy

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solution, but it generally worked, and as a rule the conference cleared the air. The husband and wife resumed their crosses, fortified by the knowledge that at least their own immediate circle knew of their difficulty and nobility in submitting to convention. Friends might draw their own conclusions, but facts they had not. Life was not tinged by the possibility of divorce.

By 1900 there were 55,751 divorces to 685,284 marriages, an increase of two per cent per hundred marriages. The more independent souls among "the people one knew" were beginning to dispense with the solutions offered by their conservative relatives, and to adopt the legal method. Even then, they were faced with the possibility of ostracism, of not being received afterward. If their world decided against them, they retired to remote domiciles, to live, possibly quite contentedly, but under a ban. If, after prolonged drawing-room discussion, the provocation was adjudged reasonable, society accepted one or both of the erring parties. They were, however, marked men and women, to be regarded with round eyes.

By 1910 the novelty of divorce had worn off, although it was by no means the accepted fact that it is to-day. There were mothers still at home to be gone back to, but the lawyers were beginning to take precedence. They had begun to develop a technic in handling what has since become such a profitable source of income. Functioning much as did the families of the contestants, they pleaded for the sanctity of the home and the future of the children. When husband and wife could not be reunited, they reluctantly contributed their legal services, shaking their heads with disapproval, the while they were engaged in loosing the ties. As I look back at it, it seems to me that divorce was really a luxury commodity, in those days, in the same class with imported cars.

In 1926 there were 180,853 divorces to 1,202,574 marriages, or 15.0 divorces to one hundred marriages. The percentage had just doubled since the beginning of the new century. Unfortunately, there are no statistics available as to the ages and incomes of those who obtain divorces, as there never are of really significant facts. The general impression seems to be that divorce is not so much a matter of actual age, as of experience and the period after marriage. In any case, the lawyers and relatives of to-day no longer raise their voices in pleading and protest, but instead are inclined to advocate beginning again, making a fresh start—and ironically enough, often for the sake of the children. If married couples do stay together, it is largely of their own volition, and not for want of contrary advice from counsel and friends.

With this acceptance of divorce as a commonplace, there has developed a more facile press, as well as legal, method of handling the event. Most people have learned the value of co-operating with the newspapers. It is no more than routine for a secretary or public relations counsel to send a typewritten statement to the papers, announcing the divorce as if it were just one more vital statistic. In other cases, the item may originate from the Court reporter. It appears on the front page, the society page or tucked in anywhere, according to its importance. The statement does away with undesirable speculation, as in the matter of a bankrupt firm. People know where they stand.

This may end the matter. But if there is a human interest appeal, a possible chance of increasing circulation, the public is presently treated to a series of "Intimate Revelations" or "Beauty,

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Brains and Millions in this Dizzy Marriage Maze," or "Saga of the Up and Down Hill Romances." Up to a few years ago, these were the product of the fertile brain of the feature story writer. It was always recognized that there was more value in the bona fide confession, but these were not easy to obtain. The most had to be made of court testimony.

Now divorce, like any operation, is apt to leave a depleted purse and wounded feelings. With the advent of ghost writers and testimonial advertising, it has become more natural to refurbish them by means of the printed word. Selling one's experience with divorce differs only in subject from selling one's experience with soap. What used to figure as scandal is now merely dirt, a basic product. What used to be a matter of criticism is now a matter of universal interest and curiosity. Or so these new-fledged authors reason. I believe that some of them convince themselves that they are making a real contribution to sociological literature. Their wounds heal in time, according to local conditions, but the scar remains. No one is at heart really proud of a divorce. It is a confession of failure. There exists a certain balm in presenting the case to the public, in telling how inevitable the failure was. It is a profitable way of getting the thing out of one's system, of justifying one's actions, of exculpating one's ex-ism.

The outstanding book of this kind is of course, "Ex-Wife," that coast-to-coast best-seller. Published anonymously, it was no time at all before the author was identified (as Ursula Parrott). With the help of a newspaper man, not her ex-husband, she set down everything that could possibly happen to an ex-wife, though hardly to only one. Her courage has been rewarded and the book is by way of becoming a volume of reference on ex-ism. "Ex-Husband," the immediate burlesque, has no such appeal. "Men, Marriage and Me" by Peggy Hopkins Joyce is more historical. In two recent novels, the ex-es have reported their differences so accurately from their point of view, and so bitterly, that suits have been brought against them. Those authors lost perspective. There *is* a certain perspective to "Ex-Wife," which probably accounts for its success.

Just as Lindbergh's flight marked a turning-point in aviation, so, I think, does the publication of "Ex-Wife" mark a turning-point in confessional literature.

The publishers and the authors of this period are in a markedly improved position. Whether the readers have benefited is another matter. As I have said, I do not believe that any personal lesson is learned from anything that is written about marriage, even when done by such serious-minded students as Havelock Ellis and Bertrand Russell and Judge Lindsey. The psychoanalysts explain unhappy marriages but they seldom prevent divorce. I'm not at all sure that reading about all these cases doesn't tend to an overemphasis on one's own difficulties.

Divorce is as infectious as the measles. Certain circles and communities are immune. In others, divorce is a badge of membership. There are everywhere couples teetering on the brink, in whom these stories arouse a desire to find out for themselves what the process is like. If no one called their attention to divorce, they might forget it, but as it is, they are constantly being reminded of its existence. Most of them are cured after the first experience, fortunately. The addicts are the exception rather than the rule, and one can only say of them that they are optimists who believe in marriage but not in divorce.

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To hear the ex-es go on, one would think that divorce was merely part of one's general equipment. But if you will notice, in all the accounts that you read and hear, you never quite get to the bottom of the affair. No one ever tells about the one culminating moment that is responsible for the actual break. Reasons are given in plenty, on all sides and from every angle, but the vital episode, and there always is a vital episode, is never divulged. That, to me, is the flaw in the confessional story, the reason that it leaves such an empty feeling.

As the Encyclopædia puts it, "The ground pleaded for a divorce is seldom an index to the motives which caused the suit to be brought. This is determined by the character of the law rather than by the state of mind of the parties; and so far as the individuals are concerned, the ground alleged is thus a cloak rather than a clew or revelation." Bertrand Russell is not so apt. He writes in "Marriage and Morals": "We come back to St. Paul: marriage in America, as in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, is conceived as an alternative to fornication; therefore whenever a man would fornicate if he could not get a divorce, he must have a divorce." That somehow doesn't seem to cover the problem.

There are certain elemental and legitimate causes of divorce, which are not easily susceptible of legal proof, such as physical incompatibility, too much family, economic difficulties. Infidelity often figures as a ground, but more and more, unless it is also disloyalty and blatantly upsets the home, is it becoming a side-issue, a peg on which to hang a quarrel or the result of some earlier, more intangible dissension. There seems also to be an increase in divorce among older men and women, who become tired of their life-long companions and decide to get a new model. Whichever one of them sits back and regards the process, and one of them almost always does, indulges in a broken heart, recrimination, malice, palliatives or writing. It would seem that these older people should be more contained, but divorce is a process of the emotions, and emotions, at whatever age they exist, are youthful in essence. That, and because they live in a fictionized world, is possibly one reason why men and women in literary and dramatic circles seem to have so much trouble in adjusting themselves to one partner.

Divorce, taking it by and large, is much the same thing as changing a job. There come times, in every organization, when, with the best intentions in the world, it becomes impossible for some employee to work with his superior, or when the superior finds that it is impossible to retain the employee. The association is destructive to every one concerned, and disassociation affords the only relief. While the benefits of a long record in one service are recognized, nevertheless in business, as well as in divorce, there has been a distinct trend or tendency to change the job rather than to stick it through.

When the given couple begins secretly to wonder if they can continue to live together, all actions are mentally entered on the debit and credit side of the brain and of the heart. Men are incurable in regarding wives as females and help-mates, women in regarding men as protectors and providers. The more involved and differentiated these rôles become, the more likely there is to be trouble. Instead of keeping this eternal premise constantly before them, of sustaining their parts whatever alien actions may be forced by circumstances upon them, the distracted pair accumulate their divergences. Presently, when they least expect it, comes the trivial or

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tragic episode that causes the big break.

Frequently this may be only a dramatic moment, but unfortunately it is human nature to sustain one's histrionism. A well-known artist recently propounded the theory that all these theatrical marital scenes were merely the outlet for the dramatic urge latent in every one, and should be so regarded. Having, however, played the scene, and played it with fire and energy, and sometimes with sincerity, the actors are in no mood to retract. There may be tears and apologies, but the harm is done. Most frequently, the unwise wife hurts her husband's vanity, a thing that no man forgives. Perhaps the wife has some irritating nervous habit, which, precipitated at the wrong moment, will send the husband into a cold, unreasoning rage. One divorced husband of the last decade confided to his best friend that his wife's trick of swinging her foot when her knees were crossed, had been his last straw. Devoted as one may be to one's spouse, it is such ways that wear one down.

Then comes the separation, the division of goods, the legal process, not a pleasant period to a sensitive person. There is a deal of tenacity and courage required. Misgivings are not unusual. Divorce is far less decisive than marriage. Usually to one of the two come those feelings that Wordsworth considered signs of grace—"obstinate questionings of sense and outward things . . . high instincts before which our mortal Nature did tremble like a guilty thing surprised."

From this period on comes the instinct to tell some one all about it. And if at the same time comes a tempting offer to tell it in print, the soul is bared —apparently. The usual result, however, is a sophisticated catalogue of quarrels and parties, extra-marital diversions and inconclusive arguments. There is no ritual or reticence about romance, no indication that there is such a thing as romance, even. It is all very hard-boiled indeed. But even when the stories are sincere and not synthetic, sentimental and not cynical, the writers shy at revealing the final hurt. It can't be done.

If the actual facts were given convincingly, the actual reactions ably and reasonably recorded, the result might have some constructive value. But this would certainly require more soul-searching and more honesty than is the habit or desire of either readers or writers of popular best-selling fiction. Those data are the meat of the philosophers and metaphysicians, who frequently know no more about the emotions of divorce than of the sensations of childbirth, both of which have to be experienced to be properly understood.

So the sob stories practically only add to the confusion, while at the same time they tend to beatify divorce.

Allowing for all this exculpation, there is one factor of great importance which is insufficiently stressed, not only in the literature of divorce, but in all our lives to-day. St. Paul includes it in the same plain-spoken epistle which deals so inclusively with the relations of the sexes. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." They do, indeed. And never more so than in this outspoken age, when so little distinction is made between frankness and offensiveness. Airing the unattractiveness of bedroom behavior, simply for the sake of showing how much knowledge a writer has, does nobody any good. It is all very amusing, no doubt, but it is bad propaganda. The emphasis on rough and ready methods is unconsciously adopted by the robot brain as a standard.

When this gala period of public exism has passed, when the period of ex-

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ploitation is over, ex-es, like the book clubs, will cease to be news, and the Reno writers will have to find another method of cashing in on their experiences. The attitude of the public in welcoming these explanations of the life of an ex is on the whole a healthy, if somewhat immodest, gesture. The leniency counteracts the laxity, and is a kinder characteristic than the rigid disapproval of the old days. The ex-es should see that they are worthy of it.

There are still a number of men and women in responsible positions who are wary of what will be said if they commit divorce. They are inclined to conform to the appearance at least of conjugality. There are not a few husbands and wives who really love each other. There are also those who for the sake of tradition, and because of their standing in the community, live together under unsatisfactory conditions, as they used to before divorce became an alternative. They are a little like the holders of the Victoria Cross, heroic but modest.

The day will come when ex-ism in this country will be accepted as a matter of course, when we shall be able to take it or leave it, in reasonable doses. We shall still have our fun, but it won't be so synthetic. Great mistresses will always be news, as they always have been, but bad girls and loose ladies will have to have some more striking quality than ordinary immorality, to make an impression. The current comment is undergraduate, no more, no less. It puts divorce in the limelight, it gives it a false value. Its chief merit is in its rewards to its autobiographers, the wounded veterans.

Inevitable divorces will continue to be as factual and as intangible as marriage or death. All other divorces are as inconsequential as their exponents.

Spindle and Loom

By Helen Maring

Sun is laughter
Spun out of pain
Golden warp threads
Twirled out of rain.

Sun is laughter
Carded from grieving,
Awaiting the loom
Of aircraft, weaving

Patterns of steel;
The shuttles resound.
Lengths of sun cloth
Stretch on the ground.

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The Jews have been notably silent on the subject of Jesus. That silence has caused much wonder among Christians. We have asked a prominent and learned rabbi to sum up the attitude of his people.

As a Jew Sees Jesus

BY ERNEST R. TRATTNER

I HAVE long been convinced that Jews of the twentieth century possess an admiration for the personality of Jesus which is utterly unrelated to the dogma of Christ as expressed in the ponderous theologies of the historic churches of Christendom. I myself belong to this class; and I believe that the growth of my own personal attitude broadly corresponds to that of the larger mass-attitude of the more intelligent members of my race.

II

I have little recollection of hearing much about Jesus until I reached the higher grades of grammar school. Perhaps a robust boy living in the Rocky Mountains has every reason to be more interested in Buffalo Bill and the blood-curdling tales of the far West than in the New Testament stories of the near East—particularly if he happens to have been a newsboy trying to sell the Denver *Post* in face of competition on every important street corner.

To be sure there were plenty of churches on my paper routes, and many of my school chums were doubtless attending them whenever they were not truant; but to me, because I was a Jewish lad, these gloomy buildings meant nothing. I lived in Denver during the most impressionable years of my boyhood, yet I cannot recall the name of a single minister of the gospel in my native Colorado save the rubicund and chubby-faced Catholic clergyman, Father O'Reilly, who periodically spoke from the pulpit of Rabbi William S. Friedman's fashionable synagogue on 16th and Pearl Sts. In those days Rabbi Friedman used to say—how well I remember the repetition!—that no Jewish ceremony was complete without Father O'Reilly. This was calculated to impress deeply the liberal-minded Jews of Denver. It invariably did just that—and something more too: it gave Doctor Friedman an opportunity to speak to his congregation on Jesus. What a theme for a rabbi!—for one who could give to such a delicate and difficult subject the benefit of the rich diapason of a peculiarly gifted oratorical voice.

But the orthodox brethren of the community did not take well to Rabbi Friedman's high-sounding praises of the lowly Nazarene. The whole thing was too novel, too un-Jewish, too progressive, too reform. No one of the Hebrew faith had ever spoken publicly that way before in Denver. Not only were such speeches felt to be highly gratuitous, since the traditional attitude of Judaism is one of silence, but they were regarded with real suspicion. On a certain memorable day an old gentleman with a whit-

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ish beard gave me a sound boxing on the ears for expressing my approval of a rabbi who dared to discuss Jesus in the synagogue. I was only a lad then but I can truly say that from that moment I have always wanted to know more about that Jew whom the western world calls the "Christ."

III

Many years later when I came to a deeper understanding of the history of my people I also came to a vital appreciation of Judaism's amazing silence touching the Man of Nazareth. Of all the unusual things that have happened to Jesus over the centuries few are as perplexing as this astonishing paradox.

For Jesus was born a Jew; he lived on the ancestral soil of Palestine, never once setting his foot on alien territory; he taught a small group of disciples all of whom were as Jewish as he; the language he spoke dripped with Jewish tradition and lore; the little children he loved were Jewish children; the sinners he associated with were Jewish sinners; he healed Jewish bodies, fed Jewish hunger, turned water into wine at a Jewish wedding, and when he died he quoted a passage from the Hebrew book of Psalms. Such a Jew!

For nineteen hundred years his fellow kinsmen have been living side by side with their Christian neighbors, yet they have said surprisingly little about the central figure of the Gospels. Certainly there must be reason for this, perhaps a number of complex causes. After all, no people willingly passes over in silence its heroes, its martyrs, or its prophets. Pride alone is sufficient to rescue the honored dead from oblivion, especially when the ignominious cause for which the leader poured out his life in sacrifice suddenly becomes a social success. No matter how brutally his contemporaries might have dealt with the hero, posterity in its own lumbering way eventually raises a shaft in expiation. In fact, the law of historic justice seems to be fulfilled something like this: the deeper the contemporary misunderstanding the higher the posthumous monument.

Why then has this not been the case with Jesus? Certainly the Chinese did not ignore Confucius after his death. Neither did the Athenians cast off Socrates. Nor have the Italians forgotten Savonarola or Bruno. Why then this exasperating silence, this incredible Jewish silence, concerning one who was so vitally related to his own people?

IV

Inasmuch as Jesus lived in the latter days of the Second Temple and at a time when the main foundations for the *Talmud* were being laid it seems that some mention of his life and teachings ought to have been embodied in those ancient rabbinical writings. To be sure there are a few scattered references to the Nazarene in the *Talmud,* but they are vague and highly questionable, constituting nothing more than a thin blur of no great importance. All that can be learned from this ancient source about Jesus is very meagre, that he came from Nazareth, that he performed miracles, that he had a few disciples, that he beguiled and led Israel astray and that he was crucified as a false teacher. The very first astonishment that greets the seeker for biographical material about Jesus is the extreme paucity of contemporary Hebrew sources. (And unless a man were somewhat familiar with the technical reasons he would doubtless be inclined to regard this silence as something altogether intentional.)

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But a conspiracy of silence is far from being the case, for it is known that the *Talmud* rarely refers to events that transpired during the period of the Second Temple; and when such reference is made it is usually threaded to some point of law illustrating legal procedure, or it is used to embroider a moral lesson. The *Talmud,* for example, nowhere mentions that great Hebrew patriot, Judah Maccabee. If any man deserved to be enshrined in the pages of rabbinical literature the Maccabean hero certainly ought to have come in for his share. But, strange as it may seem, the *Talmud* is utterly silent; and were it not for the books of the Apocrypha and the writings of Josephus, the Maccabean name with all its color and glamour would be a thing unknown.

To the rabbis of the Herodian age Jesus meant nothing: his appearance during a period of wild confusions and wide-spread disturbances was an unnoticeable and inconspicuous event. Judæa under the military heel of Rome was writhing in terrific anguish, and one more voice added to the din of revolution—especially that of an insignificant Galilean peasant—meant little in the grand total of general turbulence. Of course, it is one of the high paradoxes of history that things are not always what they seem. Who could have foretold that any good would ever come out of Nazareth? That Jesus finally rose to Olympian proportions far beyond the borders of Palestine is one of those unique occurrences that will forever make him a truly rare figure in the annals of history.

But it is an immensely foolish practice to blame the rabbis of Jesus' age for not recognizing his greatness. We might as well blame the Athenians for missing the greatness of Socrates. Or, we might indulge ourselves in condemning the shortsightedness of those who failed to appreciate the immortal soul of Lincoln during his "Prairie Years." Hindsight is always better than foresight; and it is always easier to sit back in a comfortable armchair and tell the world what *should* have happened instead of trying to understand *why* things happened the way they did.

V

There is another reason why Judaism has maintained a reserve about Jesus, an uncomfortable reason that can only be told by a rehearsal of that dark and dreadful story of persecution. The rise of Christianity to power, marked by terrific onslaughts against unbelievers, took a heavy toll of Jewish lives. In the name of Jesus all Jews suffered unbelievable hardships. Instead of practising a religion of humility, of love and peace, the followers of the Nazarene armed themselves with the insignia of power and unsheathed the sword—*In hoc signo vinces.* So it came about (irony of ironies!) that the name of Jesus "meek and mild," a symbol of joy on earth and good-will among men was transformed into a living terror. Everywhere Jews were hated and hunted, subjected to cruel tortures and shameful ignominies —all for Christ's sake! Is it any wonder that the Jewish people came to feel that all their suffering, their bitterness, all their woe, was caused by Jesus? How else could they interpret Christian conduct? . . . Lying in a pool of blood they nursed their wounds—in silence.

VI

Still another explanation must be advanced in order to understand fully the traditional silence of the Jewish people. I am indebted to a very distinguished Christian theologian, Professor Arthur

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Cushman McGiffert, for a splendid exposition of the details of this particular reason.

In a series of lectures delivered before Yale Divinity School* this master of theological history showed that Jesus was long regarded as the exclusive god of the early Gentile Christians. As for Jehovah, the God of the Jews, there was nothing but ugly contempt. The early Gentile Christians would have none of Him; they denied any connection between the two deities. In other words, Professor McGiffert's researches indicate that there was a period in the primitive stages of Christian thought when the theological idea of "Father and Son" was undeveloped, and therefore meant nothing. The large play of Gnostic teaching and philosophy, which at one time actually threatened to capture the church, was sufficient to keep Jehovah and Jesus utterly unrelated: Jesus representing the Good, Jehovah all the Evil.

Now it is just this idea that the primitive Gentile Christians started out with the worship of the Jewish deity—the one almighty God, father, creator and ruler of the world—that is so misleading, for they did nothing of the sort. To the primitive Gentile Christians Jesus Christ was their God—exclusively. (Just how it came about that Christians who originally worshipped Jesus Christ alone were led to worship also Jehovah of the Jews and even to subordinate Christ to him as a son to a father is a fascinating story that no one presents with greater clarity than Doctor McGiffert.)

The same people who looked upon the Jewish God with intense hatred because He was the creator of the material world and the author of evil soon came to hate the people who worshipped Him. A man, for example, like Marcion had an immense following among the early Christians, folks who were attracted by his strong anti-Jewish theology. Marcion rejected the Old Testament completely and slashed out of the New Testament those passages containing a favorable mention of the Jews or the Jewish God. There were others besides Marcion who were equally hostile. Consequently, it was only natural in the face of such awful distortions that the Jews came to feel that Jesus was a rival deity, trying to share the honors that from time immemorial rightfully belonged to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. This untoward condition undoubtedly led to a bitter estrangement that not only thwarted all normal Jewish interest in the person of Christ but directed into hostile channels whatever good feelings his fellow kinsmen might entertain about his teaching and character. It was an unfortunate thing both on the Jewish and the Gentile side, and in a very large measure it was responsible for the elimination of Jesus from the history of his own people.

*Now available in book form—"The God of the Early Christians"—Scribner's, New York, 1924. It is essential for a correct understanding of Christianity to differentiate between the early "Gentile" Christians and the early "Jewish" Christians.

VII

Now that the silence of the centuries has been broken the Jew to-day can actually talk and write about Jesus in a free and unrestrained manner. He is no longer afraid of being persecuted by Christians for theological error nor is he in dread of being checked by the suspicions of his own people, suspicions that have fostered the notion that he who shows the slightest admiration for Jesus is a disloyal son of Israel. This is evidenced of late by two noteworthy books which have put in their appearance: Joseph Klausner's scholarly and critical study entitled "Jesus of Naza-

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reth" (originally written in Hebrew); and Emil Ludwig's poetic and imaginative work called "Son of Man" (originally written in German). Both volumes are of unusual merit and augur well for the future since they indicate the growing capacity of the Jew to reinterpret the past with fairness and insight.

Yet, even to-day, it makes all the difference in the world in his attitude toward Jesus whether a Jew was born in the ghetto or outside of it. As late as 1896 Joseph Jacobs, that distinguished Anglo-Hebrew scholar who wrote an excellent fantasy about the humble Rabbi of Galilee, could with perfect justice say that "the spiritual walls of the English Ghetto have only fallen during the present generation. I may lay claim, I think, to have been almost the first who stepped outside, and regarded the position of Judaism from the standpoint of Modern Thought." Thousands of Jews who have never seen a ghetto are none the less deeply influenced by its age-long associations and traditions. The spiritual atmosphere of mediæval Jewry often trails along with its children even after they have moved out into a newer intellectual climate. In the case of the Nazarene this means a continued preference for silence. There is hardly a rabbi in America to-day who will not frankly admit that it is the overwhelming wish of his congregation that no mention be made of Jesus from the pulpit. As a policy of expediency this is doubtless a sound practice, for the average rabbi will please only a few Jews and certainly fewer Christians.

Yet it is an undeniable fact that one of the particular gains of modern scholarship is that the intelligent Hebrew of this age sees Jesus, as Joseph Jacobs saw him, in an altogether new light. Whereas his ancestors looked upon the Nazarene as a bad Jew, a beguiler of his people, his modern blood-kinsman regards him as having been a good Jew, particularly in the sense that he was a friend rather than a foe of Judaism. "All of us are agreed," once declared Emil G. Hirsch, the late dean of American rabbis, "that Jesus was a noble character; that in him quivered the fullest measure of spirituality; that he believed in his own destiny and duty; that he taught a high life. . . . A Jew was Jesus, as faithful a Jew as ever drew breath, and *as such* not in opposition to his Judaism."

This estimate of Jesus is distinctly a modern one. I am sure it could not have been made a century ago. The chief reason for such a striking reversal of the Jewish attitude is to be found in the results of Christian scholarship itself which undertook the serious task of "re-discovering" the strict humanity of Christ. All this has been accomplished since 1778, when Gotthold E. Lessing published the famous Wolfenbuttel manuscript of Professor Herman Samuel Reimarus. As long as the immemorial theology of the churches clad Jesus in an elaborate metaphysical dress it was impossible, both for the Christian as well as the Jew, to study the Nazarene within the framework of his national and historical environment.

Once the Christians themselves began to strip the figure of Jesus of the ecclesiastical millinery in which he had so long been paraded before the world, the Jews were given an opportunity to see their famous brother in a new light. Essentially this has meant a fresh study of the teachings of Jesus according to the best canons of modern history, psychology, and biblical criticism. And with this study the Jew has slowly, very slowly, arrived at an entirely new revaluation.

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VIII

Early Christian theology—which was a bewildering thing even to Christians—prevented the Jews from making a careful appraisal of the teachings of the Nazarene. The crucifixion hardly silenced his tongue when Jesus' name and authority were bandied about by the different Palestinian factions to uphold a number of conflicting and partisan ideas. Out in the Roman world the Gentiles made things even worse, for here his teachings were at once caught up and entangled in a web of pagan and semi-pagan speculations. The early result of this process can already be seen in the Fourth Gospel, which in teaching, portraiture, and outlook is very far removed from the simplicity of the Synoptics.

Once the theologizing process got under way there was nothing to stop its extravagances. Creeds now began to pile up—huge masses of freezing verbal abstractions which no one seems to have understood. While men wrote that which they sincerely believed their children came to believe that which was written!

In a highly mystical and speculative age, with a much-divided church, it was a foregone conclusion that the words of Jesus would sooner or later be relegated to a place of secondary importance. Under the auspices of Constantine, the Council of Nicaea deified the man of Galilee. Now, if one were to print the Nicaean Creed and the Sermon on the Mount in parallel columns it would be exceedingly hard to believe that both were intended to serve the same end. Doubtless the comparison would illustrate how the teachings of the Judean Jesus have nothing in common with the over-subtle doctrines of the pagan Christ.

For many centuries both Jews and Christians have proceeded upon the assumption that there were certain elements in the teachings of Jesus which made them *a priori* repugnant to his fellow contemporaries. As long as men were thinking in terms of the creeds this was a correct hypothesis, for there is nothing more unacceptably alien to the Jewish spirit than these historic formulations of the theology of Christendom.

Within the last fifty years the creeds have perceptibly weakened. More than that: they have suffered such a complete breakdown that the churches frankly regard them as badly written dramas which can no longer be acted. Their removal from the centre of interest has shifted the attention of modern Christianity back to Jesus. It is just this dominant change that has had such a tremendous effect upon the intelligent Jew. No longer hampered by the authoritative interpretations of the churches he is able to go directly to the Gospels themselves and with the aid of the best scholarship study the authentic utterances of the Nazarene.

And what does he find there? To his surprise he begins to see Jesus as an ardent Palestinian Jew of the first century using identically the same language, thought, parables, ethical concepts and theological notions as were then in popular vogue. He need but compare the teachings of Jesus with that of an illustrious contemporary, Rabbi Hillel, to be convinced that the ideas of the Galilean were of the same flesh and blood. Like all the learned men of his age Jesus loved indefinite language, vast expressions, paradoxes, gorgeous imagery, vivid parables.

Take for example such a fundamental concept as the "Kingdom of Heaven." The phrase is common in rabbinical writings. It appears that there were two

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currents of thought concerning this idea. Some believed that the Kingdom would be a material affair, an actual return to the Judean throne of a scion of the House of David, a rising in splendor of the destroyed Jewish nationality, a complete shake-off from the yoke of Roman oppression. Others again believed that the Kingdom was primarily a spiritual experience utterly untouched by any of the sordid considerations of politics. Jesus seemed inclined to the spiritual belief, for when he was pinned down by a questioner to answer unequivocally concerning this matter he let it be known in an unmistakable way that the Kingdom was not a matter of geography as though one could say, lo! here or lo! there, and then begin to map it out. No, the Kingdom cannot be localized, it has no boundary lines that can be drawn upon a chart—the real Kingdom is *within* you.

No better example of the inwardness of Jesus' teachings could be cited. Yet the emphasis was not a new or revolutionary thing. Jewish thought was long familiar with the deep spiritual note. For example, in the fifty-first Psalm alone there is ample evidence to substantiate this contention. It must be remembered that Jesus never explained to any extent what the Kingdom *is*. That was quite unnecessary, since those who heard him were sufficiently familiar with the idea (and Jesus' notion did not differ greatly from theirs).

As the modern Hebrew sees the Nazarene in the light of this newer estimate it can be readily understood that neither the man Jesus nor his teachings will continue to perpetuate the disagreement between the Jew and the Christian. Another matter altogether will keep that up—a matter not of history, or science, or biography, or ethics—but one of theology.

IX

The divinity of Jesus—by which is meant his deityship—will always strike the Jew as illogical. It was Heinrich Heine, I believe, who said that it would be forever impossible for Israel to embrace Christianity, for no other reason than the utter impossibility of getting one Jew to believe that another Jew was divine. I will not go so far as to claim that monotheism is a Jewish instinct, but I do agree with Heine that the theology of the churches presents the Jewish mind with a hopeless tangle of problems.

Theology!—there is the crux of the whole matter. The Jew would see Jesus in a Jewish framework, the churches persist in viewing him in terms of the ancient creeds. The Jew would understand the Nazarene as a product of Jewish development on Jewish soil; the churches insist that he was the work of the Holy Ghost. The Jew would look at him through the glasses of history; the churches encourage men to use the lenses of doctrine, specially prepared according to the requisites of a prearranged system. The intelligent Jew enjoys the Jesus of the Synoptics, the churches adore the Christ of the Fourth Gospel. And so the grand division goes on between the brethren of Jesus and his followers. . . .

What of the future? If I may venture a prophecy I believe that the Jewish world will move toward a progressive appreciation of Jesus in proportion as the Christian world turns its back on the whole abracadabra of mediæval theology. When that day arrives men will set new levers to raise the universe!

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Herself

BY KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

Not to let Mother know . . . not to let Mother know!

Mother's face had a sort of radiance. That was what the little girl feared: fear ran all along her spine and travelled through her blood in separate chilly vessels when she thought of that radiance in Mother's face as it turned toward her. She could see it watching from the window, always shining there, ready to dazzle into a smile, ready to light her little journeyings from this side of the garden to that. She wanted to escape from it, to avoid it. Sometimes she put her arm across her face. Then Mother laughed: "What you hiding from, Poppet?" The little girl would call out, "F'om you, mom," and that was the truth. But it was not a playful truth, it was a serious one. Mother's radiance was terrible.

When she was released from it—for sometimes a caller would come and sometimes a servant for consultation and sometimes Mother would lie down for a little rest—she ran about like a lamed bird, fluttered, sang low, sang shrill, and ended always back of the peony hedge where the sun-flowers grew against the wall. Under the brick wall a ditch had been dug, a dry ditch now, though once it had drained off the garden. It went under an arch. Through this came in that other girl, to whom she had given a quaint name, *Herself*.

Herself, dirty, tangled, rowdy-haired, hoarse-whispering, Herself, who was not afraid, Herself, who knew everything that little girls were not supposed to know. Herself, who liked dirt, the filthier the better, who liked to pull off the butterfly's wings, and who didn't care. She didn't care. She didn't care. Like a worm in the earth, she wriggled about, not caring. She would laugh at God. She would mock Him. She knew things about boys, knew the ugly way that babies come, too ugly and too interesting for Mother to tell. Mother had a pretty story about a stork and angels, pretty clean white fat babies lying asleep on water-lily pads. Pretty. Everything Mother told her was pretty. Heaven. Guardian angels. Even God . . . a big kind man with wings. Sleep was kind. The Dark was a beautiful angel who wrapped you in a loving cloak. That other girl knew better. Sleep was . . . Dreams. Naughty dreams. You had your own way. You didn't care. The Dark was full of all the Things you had been told not to see. Devils were in the dark. Ghosts. Bloody murderers and whispering thieves. That made life fun. If you didn't care. That other girl said that God was not a kind old man. He forgave you only because Jesus Christ had let men put nails into his hands and feet. That was the price of forgiveness. If it hadn't been for that, He would have sent you into an everlasting fire to roast. And Jesus did it because he had been sent to do it. God liked suffering but Jesus didn't want to die. He cried and prayed. But God forced him to let himself be killed. He might have gone away. But God told him to stay and be scourged and killed. So you were washed in his Blood. Did you like to be washed in blood? That was not pretty. But it was exciting. The girl scratched her leg

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with a big thorn and showed you blood. She smeared it all over. You got it on your face. Blood.

That strange child wanted to come into the house. She was not afraid of Mother. Mother was a liar. Mother was scared. Mother had to pretend that things were pretty. Herself was not scared. Let her come into the house just once. She wanted to make it dirty, please! She wanted to stick out her tongue at Mother. Wanted to say Something Bad. To see how Mother looked. Perhaps Mother would punish her. To be whipped, that was exciting.

In the midst of one of these hidden interviews, Mother would call, "Where are you, precious?" That was the signal to run to meet Mother and kiss her and hug her as though she would never be done . . . close, close, so that Mother might not see the little smear of blood upon her face.

One day that other child followed close and quietly and came into the house. Mother had a long talk with her, took her away into the South Parlor. They were shut in a long time. The child was terrible. Mother whipped her. That made Mother cry, but the child only pretended to cry. She yelled because she was excited and wanted all the house to hear and to admire her. After the whipping she stayed always in the house. Mother was sad, her radiance faded a little but that girl stayed. There were no explanations.

All this drew Mother and her little daughter very close and made them very dear to each other. They did not talk much about the other child. They tried to forget.

But all the while, instead of forgetting, the loving daughter wondered why she had let a stranger come into the house? Why had she ever let it be seen by Mother? That was the terrible mistake. That was what made life hard. Before that, she had enjoyed knowing the queer, bad girl. It had been a horrid, fascinating sort of secret, an adventure. Now it wasn't that. It was unhappiness and shame. She knew that she should have driven that one away . . . out there by the old ditch. She should never have listened to her wild bad talk. She should not have allowed her to follow into the house.

She wept, "Mother darling, why don't you get rid of that girl?"

Mother stroked the long sleek golden hair.

"I can't do that, my precious, unless you will help me."

"I'll help you. Mother. Let's try."

They tried. They were cruel. They starved her, they left her out long bitter nights in the frosty garden. They hoped that she might run away. All night long the little girl indoors could not sleep, listening to the whimpering thing. She would get up and let her in and the cold stranger would creep into her bed, close under the covers, getting warm.

Mother said, "You are not in earnest about driving away that child. You love her."

"Don't you, Mother?"

Mother shivered. "She is like a child I knew once . . . that's why."

The time came for a good little girl to be sent away to boarding-school to learn how to grow up politely, as all the other good little girls were learning. That was a lovely school filled with the nicest sort of little girls. At boarding-school the daughter was happier than she had ever been except when the longing came upon her for the ease and warmth of home. At such times she wanted Mother and she wanted her old

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familiar friend and enemy. She was haunted by the hoarse whispering voice, the thick arms and the queer deep-earthy smell. There was a freedom in being with that queer and secret companion not to be found with any one else in the whole world. . . . *She* was never afraid. The nice girls were afraid, so were the teachers; they were all pretending that the world was pretty, that children, especially young girls, were very pretty and that womanhood was the prettiest thing of all.

In the middle of the winter, her room-mate fell sick and had to be taken to the infirmary. She missed her dreadfully. There was no one to whisper to after the lights went out. One night, she noticed in her room an earthy smell. She sat up in bed and whispered. Yes, the strange old companion had come. She crept into bed and they went to sleep after a long while in each other's arms.

That newcomer was a terrible danger and an agonizing secret. She kept her hidden away out of sight of teachers and girls. But after a long while she let her best school-friend into the secret. Next, the best friend told a chum. Soon there were about a dozen girls who knew. They would come to her room for secret meetings when, all in the dark, that girl would entertain them. It was exciting. She had the girls quivering, tittering, blushing, thrilled, ashamed. They called these secret meetings, "Ghastly Evenings." The hoarse whisper would tell about the Bloody Murderers and the Grim Gray Ghosts, would describe dreadful tortures of beautiful young men in dungeons miles down under the earth, where rats scuttled and long-legged insects lived. One of the very little girls began to have nightmares. That amused all the others because they had awful dreams too, but being almost as brave as the inventor of the horrible stories, they did not cry out or wake the teachers.

Dolly's nightmares grew worse and worse and at last the little girl had hysterics in the daytime and was sent home. Later came a letter from Dolly's Mamma.

The head teacher called for a certain pupil.

"You are one of our nicest girls," she said, "and I can find no fault with you at all. But Dolly has told her mother that there is a girl at school who has been talking to some of you about dreadful things. Dolly says that . . . *you* will know. Now, I have no complaint to make of you. Your deportment has been excellent, so has your scholastic record. The nicest pupils seem to like you, to choose you for a friend. But I must get to the bottom of this. Please tell me, if you can, what Dolly means."

She cried and cried. She didn't say a word about that hidden comrade of hers. She just cried and cried. The teacher was grave and kind. She sent the sobbing girl to her room to think it all over and to pray. There, instead of praying, she wrote to Mother and asked to be taken away.

She gave no reason. She just wrote a letter blistered with tears and begged and prayed Mother to take her home . . . before it was too late.

The head teacher said, "I am glad that your mother is taking you away, for I feel that in some mysterious fashion, you have been a bad influence in the school. And yet I can find no fault with you. You are so pretty and so gentle and so good." And she cried and kissed the young girl, stroking her long sleek golden hair.

"Coming out" was the most exciting thing that had ever happened. It meant

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lovely dresses, dancing, theatres, flowers, competitive girl-friends and young men. She forgot all about that other girl. She was too gay, too busy, and too tired to listen to hoarse whisperings. All the ugly facts were forgotten. There was so much music, such splendid intimate dancing. The young men's bodies were clean and strong, they made her feel clean and strong and quick with bright warm blood. And the music set to its deep pulse-rhythms all that she had really enjoyed of that companion's courage and release from care. It was blessed freedom to be frank and brave, to feel that if life could not be pretty it could be splendid, eager, noisy, real. Physical weariness was better than anything she had yet tasted, it freed her from other preoccupations. Weariness that came from loud laughter, from meaningless shouting, from interminable throbbing of drums and feet, freed her mysteriously from shame, uncleanness, and from fear.

And yet, Mother had never seemed so far away. Mother did not understand the splendid fierce release. She had understood the other trouble, had liked whipping that child and starving her and locking her up. She had liked the shedding of sorrowful, anxious tears on her own little daughter's bright soft hair. But by the dancing and the music and the loud staccato talk Mother was frightened. Something might happen to her child.

When she cut off that lovely shining hair, Mother sobbed, "My baby is gone. My sweet baby is dead," but the young girl stretched up her long white arms and stretched out her long slim body, hard and supple from laughter and dancing and speeding about by day and night, and felt that the long hair had been a weight and a curtain and that for lack of it her neck was clean and her head proud. That other One was gone, lost . . . dead. She laughed to think of her. But Mother missed that Trouble . . . it had been exciting, terrible, a cause for darling tears.

There was a boy with gray eyes whom she loved. He was an absurd and laugh-provoking boy, a young golliwog with a weird loose-hung beautiful body and a beautiful voice and with a gift for the mimicry of every solemn and portentous grimace in the world. He loved her body and he told her so.

"It fits," he said," but I haven't the money to buy it from you. Have you any money?"

She had no money. Mother told her she could have none for years and years and years. She must marry a man who was able to stand on his own feet and to make his way in the world. The boy's father, who did have money, said, "Boy must begin at the bottom of the ladder just as I did. He can't afford to marry for years and years."

The boy kissed her, when she cried. She loved him and he loved her. They told the world. Her mother said, "Wait." The boy's father said, "Wait."

They waited and they danced and their passion presently turned to quarrelling and tears and hate. They knew what would cure his nervous quarrelling but they were afraid.

It was then that the other girl came back.

Rather than let the boy meet with this creature, she told him never to see her again. He said, "Right," and walked away from her. He went all the way down the hall to the front door. She stood between the curtains of the drawing-room. His moving feet pulled tight cords on her heart.

"You are a damn fool," said that other girl, roughly, loudly.

To hide the slattern with her bold

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eyes, her rough hair, and her thick red mouth, the sleek and golden daughter of the house drew the two curtains all about her.

But the boy whirled like a top.

"By God! You've said it! That's the girl I want."

He came back and tore her from the curtains. There she stood, that other girl, laughing like a fish-wife.

But the shamed child who loved him ran away and hid. And she would never see the gray-eyed boy again. He did not want to come back after that night. He had been frightened and disgusted. He had liked more than anything else the cleanness that was hers. It was the cleanness and the strength of her beautiful body that had made it "fit."

Then the right man came along.

She knew at once that he was the right man because he matched with all the Pretty Things, with guardian angels and the Big Kind Man with Wings. Mother was so pleased with him. He was thirty-seven years old—seventeen years older than she was—and when she was with him it was like being with the memory of her father, tender and kind, stolen from that first right in him which Mother had had, and this made her heart beat with a secret triumph. And he was handsome in a close-knit, level way, strong without any of the boy's weird suppleness. Oh, how hard she tried to please this older man! She had never taken so much trouble. She would watch his face for every brightness of approval, for every shadow of distaste. She studied to be the Ideal Woman. She drew him out on the subject of the Ideal Woman. He was very strong in his disapproval of the modern girl. She tried not to be a modern girl. She tried to wear the dresses he approved, the colors he preferred. She would not smoke cigarettes, nor drink cocktails. She danced a foot away from every partner. She would not flirt, nor "pet," nor stay out late.

Mother and she drew very close together again. The girl that this man loved and Mother's precious girl were so alike. It was a going back to the old days when Mother and she had had so many good crying times together, when they had tried to drive the other girl away. This older man even wanted her to grow the sleek bright hair. "You are really an old-fashioned little girl. You have an old-fashioned little face," he said, "a sweet, old-fashioned, rose-bud girl, that's what you are and how I love you for it!"

When this older man kissed her, she felt small and shy and flattered. She didn't want to kiss back. She wanted to be kissed and petted tenderly.

This man had two fortunes, one that he had inherited from his grandfather and one that he had made himself in the Tea and Coffee business. So nobody said, "Wait." They were soon engaged to be married and she wore a great blue sapphire. The ring seemed as heavy as an iron belt. Asleep she dreamed that it was welded about her hips and woke up screaming. But she was proud of the big heavy ring on her thin brown finger.

The other girl said, creeping in under the covers, "When you marry this man, I'm coming to live with you."

She began to be terribly unhappy. Would her fiancé be willing to marry her if he knew that another woman must come to live with them? Night after night the poor girl lay awake trying to persuade the companion of whom she was ashamed to let her go alone and free into the new life. But that one, unashamed, just held her tightly with her thick hard arms and laughed.

The next afternoon, sitting beside her

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lover on the drawing-room sofa, she told him all about her foster sister, all that she could remember from the first remembered meeting.

And this wise, brave man drew the trembling confessor into his arms—thick and strong they felt, like another pair—and kissed her shining head.

"As if I couldn't take care of the two of you! We'll tame that naughty girl. I'm strong enough to keep her in her place. She shall come and live with me in my house and if she doesn't learn to be a little lady, I'll beat the life out of her, eh? Shall I?"

"Oh, how I wish you would!" But, in her heart she knew that the "naughty girl" was very strong, stronger than this man, much too strong for him.

When she came to live with them after they were married the other girl filled the master of the house with loathing. But his eyes glistened as he watched her.

"This is not a nice woman," he would say. "This is not an old-fashioned rosebud girl at all. But neither is she the Modern Girl. I don't know where she came from. She reminds me of things I have read. I think there is something about her in the Bible. A strange woman . . . a strange woman. How coarse she is! She makes me shudder. I am ill for looking at her." But all the while, his eyes glistened as he talked of her.

He tried to change and to subdue her. This, indeed, became the great preoccupation of his life. And it increased her sense of importance. She pretended to begin to reform, pretended to be more like the sweet girl that this man loved. She stole the bridal clothes and changed them daringly, used powder and paint and perfume above her uncleanliness and stuck false, gilded flowers in her wild hair.

Now, the young wife began to hate this companion with bitterness and fear. Because, while he was trying to reform her, the man she had married was not the man she loved. He lost his tenderness, his gentle, reverent ways. She could not love the grim, fierce tyrant with glittering eyes who thought that he was more than a match for any woman.

Sometimes, it is true, he would admit uneasiness. "This woman is very strong," he would say, "but," pulling all his muscles tight in the hands of his masculine will, "we will get the best of her, my poor sweet love."

At such moments, of doubt and of dependence, his wife loved him again with a deep, new love, warmer and more embracing than any emotion she had ever felt in all her life. Under its influence he would really ignore the other woman. But, after she had cried for nights and days, neglected and alone, the husband would give heed to her again. He would be sure of his strength. He would begin to laugh at his own humility. After such discipline the woman would be very cunning. She had wiles and ways. And the husband, though he dared not admit it, was wild with a queer, fevered delight, to be again in conflict.

So, pretending to be the slave of this man, pretending that soon, very soon he would be altogether master, the woman began more openly to exercise her power. She actually began to appear before some of their friends, entertained them, scared and obsessed them with her terrible unmasculine, unfeminine freedom from care and fear. Just as she had got around Mother and the nice girls at school, so now she began to get around their friends. "I-don't-care . . . don't-care . . . don't-care. . . ." Like a worm in the earth she wriggled about their drawing-room, not caring. Laughing at laws and fears; at pretty stories and at God. At first she would laugh up

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her sleeve but later when every one was used to her boldness, she began to laugh more openly. Then the friends grew bolder too. They always said that they came to the house to see its gentle mistress, but their mood was like her husband's or her own at school. The women admired that creature for her courage and the men were obsessed by their desire to overcome her. They wanted to get the best of her, to be her master. And this they could not do because they were afraid. The woman was so much stronger than they were. She captured them because they were excited by her "don't care . . . don't care" which beat with the rhythm of a drum in all her words, her movements and her pulses.

Now, when the thick strong arms of her old companion were flung about her neck, the poor girl would weep helplessly and tremble. That deep-earthy smell was like the odor of a grave.

She had a child. At the first cry of that weak life, the outsider fled away, stopping up her ears as though, at last, she were afraid.

Such happiness came into the clean free house. The father was radiant. He looked like a young knight. He was proud and sweet. He was gay and tender. He would kneel beside her bed and play with his daughter's tiny, dampish fingers.

They felt that their happiness was safe forever.

Gradually they grew accustomed to their fatherhood and motherhood and the baby ceased to be a miracle. But its care became more and more absorbing of attention. Day and night, the mother could think only of her baby: its health and cleanliness, its charming sleep and its entrancing wakefulness. She talked to her husband of nothing else. The rest of her life was just a vague sort of interruption, something that kept her away from Baby, a troublesome fog through which she felt her path back as soon as might be to her child.

It did not occur to her that her husband could not share this profound preoccupation, that he might feel neglected and alone. He was still very tender and kind. But he began to be restless, active, gay. He wanted to go out, to play with his old friends, to make new friends. He wanted "parties," to go to them, to give them. She was dreadfully bothered and bored. She was far too much interested in the baby to care for other people, far too tired and too tied-down by hours of feeding, waking, sleeping, to want to go to parties. So, after a fretful while, during which he coaxed and grumbled, he began to go about alone.

For a time the young wife was relieved, then she began to be alarmed. He was so rarely at home and when he was there he was preoccupied, gently indulgent to her and to the baby but always humming or whistling dance-tunes, song-tunes, under his breath.

"This is the way husbands are lost," she said to her own mind, "but what am I to do? Baby is so important and so exciting. I wish there were two of me, one to care happily for Baby and one to entertain and interest my husband, make him want to come home and to stay home, make him afraid to run away." And, for the first time in more than a year, she thought of some one else . . . some one who had gone away in dread of motherhood.

She was alone in the house that night and Baby was asleep. From some other house a short distance away, there came the sound of jungle music, monotonous as heart-beats. It was a sultry, heavy night. Once in a while, a gusty, tired wind leaped up and fell again . . . earth-bound.

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She opened her door and stepped out into the soft thickness of the garden. There was not a star. The night was even, black and dense against her face. It might have been a vast piece of rich cloth; it might have been the black, thick breast of a colored Mammy. She felt that she could have pushed it away with her hands. The music sounded louder, nearer, but, except when the wind bounded up wearily and dropped, there was no other sound at all.

She moved a few steps forward through the dark, which seemed to move too with her to give her space and breath. She waited, trying to think. It would be easier to call back this old familiar than to neglect the baby and to run about to parties and to give parties with her husband . . . easier, less fatiguing, less of a strain. She could stay at home and her husband would stay at home too. She knew that he would be excited by the return of his rebel and his temptress. He wanted her back—secretly, perhaps. Maybe it was in search of her that he ran about from one party to another.

She raised her voice as the wind lifted itself languidly and the trees sighed just once.

She called the name fearfully, for it was a fearful name.

No one answered. No one came. She felt suddenly very lonely and very much afraid. She ran back into the house and locked the glass door.

She turned on all the lights and sat down to play on the piano. She could not drown that other music, playing louder as though the orchestra had come out upon the terrace.

There came the sound of a slow footstep out there in the throbbing dark.

Up she jumped, her heart shaking, unlocked the door and let the wind flow past her, warm and wild and deep-earthy, into the empty room.

The master of that house was not glad to see the woman who returned. He was angry and alarmed. Besides, she had changed. She was dull and sullen. A certain bitter quality had entered into her carelessness so that she was less unselfconscious, less alive. But she had all her terrible freedom from fear, her don't-care, don't-care. It was less wild, to be sure, less childish and more dangerous. She was less unclean, not quite so deep-earthy. She had the dull, dazed look of some one who has slept the clock around in a dark place and is not yet awake.

Nevertheless, though he resented her return and gave her a sour contemptuous greeting, it was easy to see that he was interested, even flattered. He did not guess that she had been deliberately called back for his detention. He fancied that the strange bold creature had returned of her own accord because of the lure of his masterfulness, his power over her dreadful strength.

Now, for a while he *was* her master. He could do with her just what he wanted. He could humiliate her at will. She dressed as he commanded, danced and sang, played or was silent at his wish.

And, though the mother loathed what she saw and could not love the man in his rôle of master, she was pleased with the success of her plan. For her husband soon lost interest in parties and stayed in his own home, to finish forever with the taming of that woman who had come back.

Little by little, she showed her old vigor. Little by little, she asserted her freedom from love and fear. She mocked her master's God and wriggling about his hearth like a snake she flick-

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ered her tongue across the faces of his household idols.

He began to realize that she was not tamed after all, this mocking helot, and he was very angry, very cruel. And more and more enslaved.

She was now the gay and restless one. She insisted upon seeing and entertaining friends. The man had begun to bore her. The house was filled with feverish noise and laughter. It seemed as though its master were afraid to do anything to displease the woman.

His wife stopped her ears. She tried to ignore and to forget. But the tumult, with the contempt and secret anger that it caused her, made her unable to sleep or to care properly for the child. So the child fell sick.

She nursed it day and night and then, the baby being better, she was terribly, terribly tired.

In all her life she had never been so tired. It was like a loosening of the bonds of life. There was no courage in her and no looking forward. It was a longing to be done with the effort that is called life.

Even the baby had ceased to interest her. She was tired of the baby because, more than anything else, it was her life.

The other woman was giving a party. The guests were about to arrive. In one of those borrowed dresses, cut low in the back so that she could struggle into it, she moved about the up-stairs rooms singing, hoarse and deep, below her breath. Her massive hips looked as though they would burst through the satin dress below the dreadful suppleness of her long waist. The upper part of her body swayed like the stalk of a tall swamp flower, but below, her body was a root. She seemed to pull it up with an effort when she moved: lightly swaying above, plunging and swinging heavily below, this body in motion had the rhythm of quick notes and of slow—two contrary rhythms yoked together, fascinating, bewildering to watch. One listened to her as she moved.

The mother dropped near her sleeping baby's crib, so heavy were her eyes that the baby's face was in a mist. It would be impossible to keep awake and give the little one her midnight medicine. The other woman must do it, must come up from the party . . . must remember . . . ten drops in water, ten drops in water. . . . She must not forget.

So that weary mother went as far away from life as possible and fell down there and shut out the sound of throbbing music, of loud laughter and of gritting, pounding feet, the sound of Baby's fretting and wailing, the sound of life. It was not sleep that came to her that night. It was a long swoon, a complete oblivion.

And the music lasted, beat on, the feet shook the house, made its floors vibrate and its walls tremble, as though it had come to life, had pulses, veins or climbing sap, as though it were growing in a jungle and moved to the passing by of beast pads in a tropic night.

The woman drank to encourage her guests, to free the man and his friends from fear. To-night no one must be afraid. Every one must laugh as she laughed, must shout and mock. They must forget God and Death and Pretty Things. Life must be what she knew it was: a dirty, splendid, careless, aimless, deathless worm, something that was untroubled by the distance between the stars.

Above the perfume of flowers, the aroma of wine, the pungency of smoke, the house was filled with the deep-earthy odor of her courage.

At midnight this woman came into the nursery. She flapped to and fro like

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a bat in the nursery. When she took the little medicine bottle, she lifted it as though it had been a flagon filled with molten lead. And she poured out the medicine into a glass, counting, "one-two-three" but not dropping, pouring all the while. She forced the pungent dose down the baby's throat. It choked at first, then began to moan.

Back the woman went again to her party. She flapped and bounded down the wide, polished stairs, singing her song.

The party lasted until broad day. Sun came in at the eastern windows. The servants were scared by what they saw.

It was the cessation of all noise that woke the baby's mother. She felt very clear in the head and dry and light. Her first thought was for her little girl and she sped back to the nursery along the halls and down the stairs.

The baby lay in its crib with the sun in its face. It was quite blue and very cold.

She screamed aloud, ran to the bottle and saw what had been done. She caught up the baby. It was not dead. It's tiny heart moved weakly at long intervals and its breath fluttered, paused, fluttered again just like an insect that will die.

Holding the fragile thing to her breast, she flew down the stairs, calling for her husband. Through the torn and distracted rooms she went, calling, seeking. Everywhere lay shattered glass, scattered flowers, broken food, and spilled wine. A guest lay asleep, half on a sofa, half on the floor. Delicate chairs had been overturned. A tall clock had been pulled out into the middle of the room and some woman had tied her girdle about it and stuck a man's hat over its bland face. It was still talking its solemn nonsense: TICK TACK. It was a Grandfather's Clock.

The baby's father, asleep among some cushions on a couch, woke to the sound of her keening, to her icy grasp.

Slowly he understood: the baby was dying, dying. It had been given an overdose of the doctor's powerful drug. Send for that doctor quickly, quickly, she cried, using all the names she had for their old tenderness, calling him her lover, her husband, Baby's father! Send for that doctor, please.

They rang and rang at the telephone and at last the doctor came.

The father, bluish-white, dishevelled in his dress-clothes, the mother, waxen pale in her blue wrapper and her hanging, golden hair, waited upon his verdict.

"She may live. She may. There's a specialist . . ."

"For God's love, where is the specialist?"

The specialist was not very close at hand but the father set out at once to get him. He would go by airplane and by airplane they would come back, the specialist and he. They would be back before sunset.

"You won't be in time, I fear," the doctor whispered to him. "But it is better to travel than to wait, it is better to try than to give up. That is why I told you about this man. I'll stay with your poor wife and do what can be done. The man has a new way."

The servants set the house in order. They whispered about these people and their friends all day as they set the house in order and ran about getting little things for the doctor and for their mistress.

The baby lived, the baby still lived. The doctor would not let her die. He sat there beside the crib, not letting her die, pushing away Death with his clever hands. "I wish that man would come," he said at twilight. "I want you to leave

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the nursery now, you tired mother, and go away somewhere. I will call you if . . . I must."

She went away.

She went down-stairs in the twilight and lifted the rug from that other woman, where she lay, still deep in a drunken slumber, flushed and limp. The mother said, "You are a murderess. I condemn you. I sentence you. I will execute you before my husband comes back."

She brought down a narcotic from the medicine closet in her husband's bathroom.

"You gave my baby an overdose," said the mother sternly. "Now let us see what an overdose will do for you. You are trying to wake up. I see you twitching. Your heavy hands are awake. You shall not open your eyes again. You shall never again see my husband nor my child."

She poured out the drug. She poured the narcotic down the gullet of the woman. And the thick hand stopped moving, the flush faded, there was no twitching at the coat-sleeve of consciousness.

When that body was deeply, deeply drugged, she took it by the shoulders and dragged it out of the house.

It was almost night already. Fireflies came in and out silently at different levels in the still tall air. She dragged the unconscious body across the flower-beds and the turf and along the paths to the farthest corner of the garden behind some bushes under the brick wall. And there she dug a deep grave. For hours she dug, patiently, strongly, dug the deepest grave ever dug by a woman for the body of a woman. And into it she rolled that body. It fell and turned over with its face in the damp earth. And she buried it alive.

She tramped down the dirt and trampled down the sod until it fitted tight and smooth above the drugged and smothered woman.

"I know you are not dead," said the woman who stood above and saw that there were little white stars now in the garden. "I know that you are not dead. But you are buried under the earth and the earth is the only thing as heavy and as strong as you are. If you climb up out of the earth again you must be weak and changed."

She went back into the house.

The specialist had come and was working over the baby. They would not let her come into the room.

She went to her bed and lay under the sheet, wet and shivering. All night she was not called. She lay awake, shivering and wet.

She found that she thought long, long thoughts about a strange bold child who years ago had crawled into her garden by the dry ditch beneath the wall. Was she sorry for that creature whom she had buried alive? Had she ever loved her at all? Before hate began, had she loved that companion of her guilty loneliness a little? Could she have loved her more?

Too late. Too late now, she told her shivering heart. That girl is buried in the garden, she cannot breathe. Her mouth is in the earth. She has gone back to the earth. Too late to laugh, too late to love, too late to understand. But . . . how strong she had been! How brave!

Her husband came and stood beside her. He was pale, ashamed, exalted. There were tears upon him.

"The baby is alive . . . will live," he said.

He wept with his head upon his wife's sick breast.

He never asked a single question about the other woman. At first he did not even seem to notice that she was no

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longer there. But, after a time, he began to look furtively about the house, as though he had lost something. His wife smiled to her own heart. Let him look. Oh, let him look. He saw her smile and his eyes were hurt and secretive and frightened, but he could not help looking for what was lost.

He went out into the garden. Every night when the dark stood up amongst the trees and the wind blew and he heard the jungle music from the Inn, he would go as though absently into the garden and she would hear him wandering about, looking for some one. She would then play the piano loudly, scornfully, in triumph. She knew that he would never find the other woman. Sometimes when he thought the trees were loud enough in the wind to cover the sound of his voice, he called softly. He called a name. His voice was fearful and full of pain. She played louder than the trees were roaring to drown her husband's troubled, calling voice.

Then he began to search in the lanes and in the town. If he saw some one that looked a little like that woman he would follow her home and question her. His wife did not care. She knew that he could never find what he looked for and that he could never be satisfied. He might fancy a resemblance but that would only sharpen his longing for the original, his longing and his fear. So she was serene and cool and patient. Some day he would be tired of searching. He would give up.

But he began to travel through the world. He went on business trips to distant countries and he was sad to go. He would kiss his wife and his daughter tenderly. She knew that he was still looking, still searching for what was lost.

When he came home he would be kind and gentle. She loved him faithfully and sadly. She was satisfied because she had buried that woman so deeply in the earth. She found life tranquil, serene, and she was more and more absorbed in the health and the joy of the little growing girl, soothed by the intermittent presence of the man she loved. It was enough for her now that he was a kind father and a tender husband . . . when he was at home. Let him search, let him search the whole world over until he should be tired. She would not let her heart be troubled by that long, vain, secret search.

She was happiest when she sat in her window and watched the child playing in the garden. How pretty and graceful the little creature was with her light limbs and spreading, flying hair. It was beautiful to see her dance and run, singing high, singing low, and hiding from mother, to jump out with a Boo and a cataract of mirth.

One afternoon, the mother had gone out upon an errand and came in late. Her arms were hungry for the child. She ran up to the nursery. It was empty. The house was all empty and out in the garden it was already dusk. The wind was blowing a little now and then. She went to the door which opened from the drawing-room to the garden and called . . . "My Pet! My Pet!"

The child came running like a little hungry dog, threw herself bodily against her mother, hugged her close, close, close, kissed her as though she would never be done.

"My Mummy. My pretty Mum. I'm so glad that you are home."

And the mother, holding her off a little, looked down and saw a tiny smear of blood on the child's rosy face.

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Will the New Pessimists and Humanists Make the 1930's the Solemn Decade?

Amidst the Encircling Gloom

BY HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

After the war came the Great Scepticism, but this has passed; we are now in the age of the Solemn, and the present heresy is to be gay. On all sides we meet the most terrible prophecies, hear earnest calls to repentance and reconstruction. Mr. Stuart Chase outlines the dismal horrors of a three-hours war which is to reduce our great cities to something less than the dust, and if we venture to lift our heads to the God whom some of us hazily thought existed beyond the dance of the electrons, Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch and Mr. Walter Lippmann movingly reprove us with the assurance that he isn't there. The iron universe which Mr. Bertrand Russell constructed some years ago in his "A Free Man's Worship" has captured the imagination of a solemn priesthood who chant that there is no God and that Einstein is his prophet.

Nor dare we solace ourselves with art. Shoals of critics swim in upon us with every magazine with messages to the effect that the state of art is a state of chaos. One professor assures us that mankind took the wrong turn with Bacon and with Rousseau, and calls us to retrace our steps—to what or whom is not quite clear. Another writer tells us with the most serious air that our prose shows all the symptoms of a decline, and a third that our universities, from which we might expect enlightenment, are in a state of abysmal barbarism. And what banners are thrust into our bewildered hands!—"centrality of taste," "the inner check," "humanism," "back to Milton," "back to Plato," and even, in some quarters, back to Thomas Aquinas and the all-embracing fold of Rome!

After every great social upheaval there is always a movement of reaction, but never in American life, and rarely in the history of the Western world, has this movement been of such terrific solemnity as that which the literary development of the last five years has given us. The New Solemnity is to lead us all to the New Reconstruction; and man—poor, cowering little man—is to build once more his paper forts, hearten himself with the Dutch courage of a glamorous phrase, and, whistling sober tunes drilled into him by his new schoolmasters, put on the garb of the Anglo-Catholics or the New Humanists and seriously concern himself with the vital things of life, which, it seems, he has forgotten.

There is something ludicrously like the spectacle of a naughty boy being disciplined for playing hookey, in the admonitions addressed to average humanity by its rising generation of peda-

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gogues. The human race has stolen away from school, robbed the apple orchard of forbidden fruit, set off the wicked dynamite of the World War, and now, sadly frightened at the mischief wrought, is back in the classroom again, laboriously copying moral sentences from the blackboard, such sentences as the Puritan schoolmasters of an earlier age delighted to terrify the young withal. Having spoiled all his playthings, the mischievous infant is now to be reprimanded. "See what you have done!" exclaim the entire faculty in chorus. "You had a nice toy in science, and you used it to break up all your other playthings. You told smutty stories behind the barn, and spoiled your taste for the good sound moral tales we furnished you, and you are so utterly depraved that you don't go to Sunday school, and for all that you shall be soundly scolded and severely spanked. How will you like it when you have to go out in the dark all alone with no comfortable thoughts of a kindly father to keep your spirits up?"

Good heavens! Was mankind never gloomy before? Are we the first to have got ourselves into an intellectual muddle, and is the only solution of our difficulties a solemn face and a large dose of Moral Earnestness? Has the natural man no rights which an intellectual is bound to respect, and must he refrain from kissing his wife and children without first consulting a psychoanalyst? Because we are compounded of frail mortality are we to do nothing but lament we are not demigods, and, since the future is as dark as it always was, forego our natural delights and become Trappists? Our leaders chant a perpetual *morituri salutamus,* and would gravely lead us in a ghastly dance of death to a cosmic grave. They have all apparently read the fable of the monarch, the duty of whose slave it was in the midst of every banquet to whisper in his ear, "Remember death," and are so concerned with the funeral that they will not let us enjoy the baked meats.

Pessimism is no new discovery of the human race. The heavens have been iron before, with fear confronting us at every turn in the road. "All the rivers run into the sea," said the Preacher, "yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again. All things are full of labour, man cannot utter it." The book of the Hebrew writer antedates by some thousands of years the bleak despair of our modern jeremiahs, and yet, between "Ecclesiastes" and Mr. Krutch's "The Modern Temper," the poor foolish human race has managed to get in a good many kalends not altogether ignorant of joy. Those who believe the modern theory that matter is a purposeless dance of electrons had better read Lucretius and Petronius.

> "Hoc illo magis aut minus placere
> Non posset, nisi lite destinata
> Pugnarent dubio tenore senus,"

wrote the Roman cynic, but, despite his lament for the fallibility of knowledge, we have made some progress since, and are likely in all probability to make more progress still.

In truth, the contemporary pessimists need to be reminded that they are not the first to discover the riddle of existence. Even while they are admiring the total grayness of their own despair, some one should match phrases with them from the vast literature of the world. "What am I?" Tennyson lyrically inquired.

> "An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry."

Yet, even as he wrote, pantomimes were being performed at the Christmas

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theatres, and the immortal Micawber was just beginning to wait for something to turn up.

Literature and the arts have always been in a bad way. Our literary chaos is just about parallel to that which Mr. Gabriel Harvey and Sir Philip Sidney learnedly complained of in the days of Good Queen Bess, when young Mr. Shakespeare was writing "Romeo and Juliet," and the ink was yet wet on the pages of "The Faerie Queene." Persons who tell us that we have no standards ought to read Mr. Pope's "Dunciad" once a month for the good of their souls; besides picking up a good many phrases with which to belabor us, they might learn that the state of letters was feeble even then. I open my Matthew Arnold to the famous essays on "Culture and Anarchy," and find that Mr. Frederic Harrison "is very hostile to culture" in 1869, that, owing to the barbarians and the philistines, "we have most of us little idea of a high standard to choose our guides by, of a great and profound spirit" (how astonishingly like our humanists sixty years later!); and yet George Eliot and Carlyle and Trollope and Browning and Tennyson and William Morris and Dickens and Newman and Swinburne were all alive and writing; Thackeray had just died, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" was ten years old, and in two years more the first of the Wessex novels was going to get itself written. I remember that the late Sir Edmund Gosse solemnly buried literature about 1900, but it has since proved an extremely lively corpse, and Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Bennett, Robert Frost, Ellen Glasgow, and various other persons by no means to be despised have produced a vast number of volumes since. The state of literature, like Turkey in the nineteenth century, has always been, if we are to believe the physicians, just tottering to a fall, but both Turkey and the arts manage, despite the whole medical college, miraculously to survive.

Even as we remind them of these facts, however, our schoolmasters, casting a gloomy eye at the cosmic weather, argue wearily that the fact we have been deceived before is a very good reason why we should not be deceived again; and if their predecessors had mistaken grounds for despair, that is all the more reason for believing that our present outcast state must be final and incurable. Mr. Krutch (who is in real life, I imagine, a very jolly fellow) concludes his admirable volume with the dark saying that "ours is a lost cause and there is no place for us in the natural universe." "Leaving the future to those who have faith in it," he dismally writes, "we may permit ourselves to exclaim, a little rhetorically perhaps,

> 'Hail, horrors, hail,
> Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
> Receive thy new possessor.' "

I wonder if all the rhetoric is in Milton. The ocean of history is strewn with the wrecks of systems once as infallible as that in which Mr. Krutch believes, and I see no particular reason for believing that the latest philosophy is necessarily the right one. The truth is that the human race is still comparatively young; there seems to be some reason to believe that even Einstein is not infallible; and I for one (perhaps also a little rhetorically) prefer to wait until all the returns are in before pronouncing a verdict of universal insanity and confining the world in a strait-jacket. Most of us have to take our physics on faith. So, for that matter, did the Indians who listened, awestruck, to the pronouncements of their shaman; and a wise scepticism can still afford to smile impartially as well at the incontrovertible truths which Mr.

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Krutch has to deliver as at the incontestable utterances of the medicine-men.

Mr. Krutch and Einstein are presumably nearer the truth than were, for example, the whirling dervishes; otherwise our lot would be sad, indeed; but there is a magian finality about the prophets in both instances which should give the judicious pause. There are no more continents to discover, but we still have a vast deal to find out. The ordered whirl of the electrons is a very pretty picture, the truth of which I have neither the authority nor the wish to contest, until minuter researches shall go even farther, altering once more the unalterable truths of our day. But we are yet several generations from the absolute, and in the meantime the old, ordered stars are still shining, and if to certain ears they no longer proclaim that the hand which made them is divine, starlight is still beautiful, and (to those who have not read too many books) love is still sweet beneath them. There are a few of us left, stubborn, illogical souls, who are occasionally content with George Borrow's statement that the sun and the moon are sweet things, brother, and that so is the wind on the heath.

Of course the notion that Nature the comforter is all about is a notion which, I know, is very unfashionable these days, despite the vogue of Wordsworth among the learned; and Mr. Aldous Huxley need scarcely have journeyed all the way to the tropics, as he recently did, to report that Wordsworth was simply no go. Wordsworth is an unconscionably tedious old gentleman at times, and certain of us are not unhappy that he has been found out. But if the good William was mistaken in seeing a presence in the light of setting suns, it will not do to rush to the opposite extreme and believe that there is an ironic and pitiless devil up there simply because the sun doesn't set and because we go round and round, or because it is probably a mass of incandescent energy on which it would be very uncomfortable, if not impossible, to dwell. The total extinction of that same sun was prophesied by Buffon just before Wordsworth's time with mathematical certainty, since which its life has been several times extended, and now, I believe, that luminary has become a fairly safe risk in the cosmic insurance bureau. Oliver Wendell Holmes once dryly remarked that "I should have felt more nervous about the late comet, if I had thought the world was ripe. But it is very green yet, if I am not mistaken; and besides, there is a great deal of coal to use up, which I cannot bring myself to think was made for nothing." Of course Doctor Holmes, though a tolerable scientist in his own day, did not possess our modern enlightenment, and clearly was indulging in the fallacy of final causes, but there is a saving sanity in his attitude which we might afford to ponder.

It is wonderful how quickly metaphysical feverishness is cured by an old-fashioned dosage of common sense. Because Polyanna is a thoroughly irritating character, we do not have to follow Professor Jacques in his curious doctrine that, since the spread of gladness does not prove anything, the contagion of pessimism points to a commendable general acceptance of truth. The charge that an optimistic interpretation of the universe is a delusion does not necessarily indicate that a pessimistic interpretation is sound. The little groups of serious thinkers who dot the literary landscape smile wearily at the luncheon clubs proclaiming in chorus that the world do move—a hoary fallacy; but they do not reflect that on even less substantial evidence they swallow—hook, line, and sinker—the equally hoary fallacy that it

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stands still or positively declines. With their heads perpetually turned backward like the false prophets in the "Inferno," they naturally see time in reverse order; and with the Abbé Raynal hold that the Americans in particular are "sentenced to remain forever an inferior race." As Buffon thought that plants and animals necessarily degenerate in the New World, they argue that we in the new world of the twentieth century are necessarily seeing the degeneration of hope. Why? Somehow I am reminded of Cornelia Blimber in "Dombey and Son," whose one lament throughout the novel is that she had never known Cicero. Living in Cicero's house when a particularly cold wind swept down from the Alps, our malcontents, I imagine, would long for a steam-heated New York apartment where, without labor, they could be comfortable and gloomy, and deny that there is such a thing as progress.

And forsooth who are they—or we—to proclaim that time is ending with us? Are we the people that wisdom should die with us? I am reminded of the hot and manly reproof which the late Stuart Sherman administered to the detractors of Stevenson:

"What lions have these critical fellows shot with a bow and arrow that they turn up superior noses at Stevenson, who merely consorted with thieves and harlots in the slums of Edinburgh and London, ran through the professions of engineering and law before he was 25, explored the Scotch coast in a sailboat, canoed the Sambre and Oise, slept in a lonely bivouac *à la belle étoile* in the Cevennes, fled to San Francisco by emigrant train, ran away with a wife and family, camped on Mount St. Helena, chartered his own schooner, sailed the South Seas for three years, feasted with cannibal chiefs, refused to sleep with their wives, conspired with Kanaka kings, was threatened with deportation, planted a wilderness, governed a small tribe of savages and died in his boots?"

If one will take Stevenson as a symbol of what life can accomplish on this planet, and is still accomplishing, no argument can be more pat.

But of course this is the romantic fallacy, and all the sad critics will give you unanswerable reasons why the romantic fallacy is exploded. Nothing, however, can be more romantically fallacious than their own dear melancholy. It is the malady of René, it is the Byronic *Weltschmerz* all over again. Like Heinrich Heine, they lament the passing of the gods. They wish to go to Plato or to Buddha or to Confucius—anywhere, anywhere out of the world. With the smell of burned gasoline in their nostrils and the sound of riveting machines in their ears, they long to be under the plane-trees of the Ilissus with Socrates or under a bhong-tree with Buddha, and, because they are not, the times, not they, are out of joint. "Backward, turn backward, O time, in thy flight," is figuratively on their lips as they yearn for the simpler ages when "standards" prevailed; and of the Arcadian eras of Louis XIV or Cæsar Augustus they imagine that the soul of man was not divided against itself, and the riddle of the universe had not eaten into thinkers. And so Racine is a cult since Lytton Strachey, as the Elizabethans used to be a hundred years ago, and so, too, is the neatly constructed universe of Milton, and, having it not, they sigh and tell us we are all accursed.

It is too bad that, in place of pointing out the fallacies of romanticism and then taking over its world-weariness, these fellows have not taken over the other half of romanticism as well. Byron's melancholy is as deep as Mr.

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Krutch's, but there is a sting to "Don Juan," a bracing genial cynicism, a sense of delight in the exercise of his own powers, which Byron has, and which I do not detect in the pronouncements of the contemporary victims of melancholia. We do not need a bloodless ballet of literary categories like "standards" and "taste" and "tradition" half as badly as we need a new Hazlitt to bring gusto into fashion, and a new Lamb to savor for us the classics of the past. A sense of humor is one of the valuable contributions of the human race to this bleak universe. That is why some of us are thankful for Will Rogers.

But like Queen Victoria the gloomy men are not amused. Nothing is more striking than the unanimity with which, forgetting their private woes, they unite in condemning Mr. H. L. Mencken as an unspeakable meddler in the high affairs of the mind. I have no brief for Mr. Mencken, who has his regrettable lapses, but Mr. Mencken, amid all his uproar, has had a bully time. He is never bored. He has apparently chosen Hotspur rather than Jaques for his model, and after cutting up five or six books before breakfast, cries out, "Fie on this dull work!" and sits down to a hearty meal. Prejudices are at least human, and I think Rabelais would have understood him. At his worst there is a hearty vulgarity about Mr. Mencken, there is a high and hilarious humor about him at his best, which link him with average human life. Mr. Mencken is not one to die of a pose in aromatic pain. He may not speak with the voice of a prophet, but he speaks at any rate with the voice of a man. Plain living and high thinking are all very well for a week or so, but when the results are acute melancholia, we grow sceptical as to the diet prescribed for us which results in such low metabolism.

Life is still more than logic. "The glory of man is, after all," Professor T. V. Smith remarks, "in his peculiar faculty of uniting the past and the future in an expanded present"—a writer who, by the way, reminds us that "the judicious man, and particularly in our day the wise woman, will watch those who offer to provide guaranteed beliefs—whether as religion or as philosophy—as he or she watches those who would sell authentic gold bricks." Add "disbeliefs" and the warning is timely. If the gloomy prophets are happy in their misery, there is nothing we can do about it, and if they cannot be happy even then, there is some small argument for letting the rest of us go cheerfully about our business. It is at least possible that wisdom may be dancing and joy, and to announce sepulchrally that this view is mere illusion reminds me of the young man who could never enjoy a ball for thinking that in a hundred years everybody present would be dead.

The schools are still running and struggling to turn young animals into civilized beings, and the hospitals still bring their benediction to some millions of sufferers. We count confidently on the order of time when we buy tickets for a train, and, whatever may be true on other planets, on earth things still have their beginning, middle, and end. Naturally this is not very much, but it is something, and surely it is no news that man's desires have ever exceeded his capacities. Life is still very much what it was. There are times when I am struck chill with the thought that the cosmos cares nothing about me, but there are also times when I care nothing about the cosmos, and both views should count in any total interpretation of values. Earthquakes occur, and wars, and the population presses against the food-supply, yet I have known even cripples to

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be content. Average human nature cannot be forever worrying about the constitution of the suns, and a fine wisdom tells us that our modern knowledge is mostly a change of vocabulary. If I had a garden, I should still expect my rose-bushes to bring forth blossoms in their season—at least, I modestly believe they would not bear string-beans, and there is a certain comfort in knowing that a modicum of harmony still exists in this wrecked earth.

Even a sceptic has to assume that the laws of syntax exist, or he could neither read nor write. Hume, beside whom our little doubters are pigmy, was sufficiently genial, and enjoyed life heartily to the end; whereas he laughed at his own scepticism, our serious thinkers dare not even smile. And need one cite Voltaire? We whine too much. Let us remember the prudent good sense which appears in the epitaph written by Thomas Chapman, master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, for Henry Jenkins the centenarian:

Blush not, marble,
to rescue from oblivion
the memory of
HENRY JENKINS:
a person obscure in birth,
but of a life truly memorable;
for
he was enriched
with the goods of nature,
if not of fortune,
and happy
in the duration,
if not variety,
of his enjoyments;
and
tho' the partial world
despised and disregarded
his low and humble state,
the equal eye of Providence
beheld and blessed it
with a patriarch's health and length of days;
to teach mistaken man,
these blessings were entailed in temperance,
or, a life of labour and a mind at ease.

We cannot all live to be 169, and few of us want to, but the ripe wisdom of the eighteenth century went straight to the mark in this inscription: remove "Providence" from it, and there is no phrase in it which is not true enough to-day, even for the intellectuals.

Must we never live because we have to die? We do not mention that awkward verb in our newspapers, and our novels no longer end with death-bed scenes and marriage-bells, but I am not sure the loss is an improvement. A tougher age could crack its little joke at oblivion.

"Ci-gît Piron, qui fut rien,
Pas même un Academicien,"

runs one celebrated tombstone, and the joke is not on Piron, but on the universe.

Nowadays it exhausts our whole stock of good humor to know that we must perish. Because we abhor funerals we fondly imagine that the progress of events has played a ghastly joke on us and our children, stripping us of our fathers' faith in God and an ordered universe. But we are still men, women, and children, and I for one, writing amid the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds, complain, not that literature is chaos and the heavens dumb, but that Mr. Charlie Chaplin has not recently produced another film exhibiting the delicate absurdity of existence. As a philosopher (in his films at any rate) Mr. Chaplin seems to me infinitely superior to the disciples of intellectual gloom; he takes the sound metaphysical position of expecting the worst and of frequently finding it, but he is also perfectly astonished and delighted when things, by some freak of chance, turn out well. If crass casualty really rules us, the chances are still fifty-fifty for good. The comic spirit ought everywhere to companion the tragic muse, and it may be that Mr. Chaplin is our best philosopher.

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He preferred ward-heelers to statesmen; he coveted power—and made Harding President

Penrose—An American Machiavelli

BY HENRY HART

Boies Penrose was six feet four inches high and weighed three hundred pounds; he belonged to an aristocratic Philadelphia family and was the last of those great, national, political bosses who controlled the votes of entire cities and States, elected mayors and governors at will, raised huge levies from business, nominated presidents, and adjusted the haphazard workings of theoretical democracy to the aims and ends of big business.

Penrose was physically so large he could not sit in an ordinary Senate chair and used a lounge. For the same reason he could not go to the theatre, and only toward the end of his life did he see a motion-picture, when he gave private performances in his Washington apartment. He feared infections and would rarely shake hands, and would not permit any one to open his eggs for him. He was a prodigious eater and frequently ate a whole duck for breakfast.

He was fond of horseback, and rode a huge white horse in Philadelphia's Fairmount Park. He rode to and from Washington in a specially large automobile, painted red. He was musically deaf and never went into society or attended its social affairs. Although a member of the best clubs in Philadelphia and Washington, he went to but one, the Union League in his native city. He liked flowers and read widely. He would take walks and automobile rides with people without speaking a word, although he had especially invited them to accompany him.

At Harvard he was earnestly studious and socially reserved. He graduated in 1881 with second honors, his brother, Charles, taking the first. Out of a class of two hundred, he was one of five selected to deliver commencement orations. His was entitled "Martin Van Buren the Politician." President Van Buren is called "the father of organized politics."

After graduation his father took him to Europe, in an attempt to escape from their grief over the death of Mrs. Penrose, a beautiful and intelligent woman who abandoned society to rear seven sons. Boies Penrose was never in Europe again.

When he returned to Philadelphia he studied law in the office of Wayne MacVeigh, who had been attorney-general of the United States under Garfield. MacVeigh was the son-in-law of Simon Cameron, founder of the Republican organization in Pennsylvania, and later helped Penrose to receive the consideration and favor of Matthew Stanley Quay. Penrose was admitted to the bar in 1883 and simultaneously taken into the law firm of S. Davis Page and Ed-

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ward P. Allison. Although he never practised, the firm name, Page, Allison and Penrose, persisted until his death.

At this time Boies Penrose was good to look upon. His great height and giant form were crowned with dark, wavy hair, cut close. His features were well combined, and in his appearance there was no indication he would, in a few years, be described as "a mountain of diseased flesh" and be caricatured as the incarnation of America's idea of the political boss.

This enormous physique impelled him to action and he became interested in learning how Israel W. Durham manipulated "reform" movements in Philadelphia for the sole purpose of compelling recognition from Matthew Stanley Quay and lesser leaders.

Boies Penrose's grandfather had been of some service to old Simon Cameron in 1857, when Cameron's nomination for the United States Senate required manipulation. Grandfather Penrose had managed to influence three Democrats to join the Republicans in sending Simon to Washington.

Even Quay remembered this service, and in consequence he did not object when Israel Durham announced that he was going to send young Boies Penrose to the State Assembly as representative of the Eighth Ward in Philadelphia. Moreover, Quay felt sure Penrose would vote for the United States senatorial nomination of old Simon Cameron's son, Donald, and votes were needed.

Penrose did vote for Cameron when, in 1885, he succeeded to the seat in the assembly of Pennsylvania's legislature of his friend, and his father's friend, William C. Bullitt, author of the Bullitt bill, which amended, and improved, the antiquated charter of the city of Philadelphia. Penrose fought for the passage of that bill, against the seeming opposition of Quay. The opposition was only apparent, for a small piece of innocuous reform was needed at that moment to allay some of the public disgust against the Quay régime.

When Penrose entered the legislature he retired from the National Guard, in which, as a staff officer, he had hitherto amused himself. "My retirement from a military career," he explained, "is a strategic move. I expose too much surface to the enemy."

Then life seemed good to him, and each day a joy. Then he was in the flush of learning how communities are controlled, and how to control them. His sentiments and public actions were considered favorably, and it was to the Penrose of this very early period James Bryce alluded in the first edition of his "The American Commonwealth." In the second edition, however, Penrose is not mentioned as one of the young Americans then attempting to rid municipal and state governments of "the vicious boss system." In the interval between those two editions Boies Penrose changed, and, it is everywhere thought, for the worse. This change came when Penrose was betrayed on the evening before he was to be nominated as the Republican candidate for mayor.

In 1894 Israel Durham began gathering the Philadelphia ward leaders behind a metaphorical banner announcing State Senator Boies Penrose for mayor of Philadelphia. The clergy of the City of Brotherly Love, temporarily unmindful of the precepts of their Saviour, listened to, and repeated, with embellishments, stories that pictured Penrose's private life as a series of protracted and vulgar immoralities.

Lacking courage and decency, the clerical band did not name the man they accused of having participated, at Harrisburg in the company of politicians

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and lawmakers from rural and holy counties, and elsewhere with others, in orgies equalling the attractions of the House of All Nations in Paris. Their zeal for God and country inspired them to disseminate, with protestations of shocked piety, the most libidinous stories, many of which persist to this day.

It was said at this time that he had written, while a student at Harvard, a pamphlet describing the postures of coition as they have varied in different eras and places. This story was a favorite among women. It has become a legend, and is still mentioned. I have never seen, or met any one who has seen, a copy.

Placards, colored yellow, appeared throughout the city one Sunday morning aimed at him and carefully omitting his name. They read:

"We, citizens of Philadelphia, ask for the nomination of a candidate for Mayor whose private life shows a high moral standard and whose matured character and experience in business affairs will insure a good administration."

Penrose, young, healthy and self-confident, laughed.

Matt Quay, more practical, went to see Rudolph Blankenburg, who was affectionately and sometimes sarcastically called "the war horse of reform."

"Would his joining church satisfy you?" Quay asked, and added, "He'll join any damned church you say."

The good people of Philadelphia were shocked, and continued their cries of abhorrence, even mentioning Mary Brown, the dark lady of the sonnets Penrose never wrote. The fascinations of this dark-skinned woman have become a local legend; some say she was the only thing he ever loved, others that she enchanted his odd hours only, and still others that she never existed.

The clerical gossip was ineffectual. Quay had sanctioned Durham's choice, the McManes faction in Philadelphia, to which Durham belonged, had sanctioned him, and other ward leaders had indicated they would accept him. Every one in Philadelphia expected Boies Penrose to be the next mayor.

But the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Reading Railway and certain traction interests felt slightly uncertain of Mr. Penrose; and their agent, Dave Martin, ward boss, fist fighter, garbage contractor and later secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, together with his shadow, Charles A. Porter, was able, on the night before the nominating convention, to break the solidity of Penrose's support. On the next day Charles F. Warwick was nominated.

Penrose, alone the next afternoon in his first and only Garden of Gethsemane, came upon the knowledge that there was a power greater than himself.

It cannot be said he emerged from his Garden of Gethsemane chastened, resigned or pure in heart. He emerged determined to be supreme over the forces which put men into public office in America. In forming this resolution, he did not realize that in such a victory, which he secured, there reposed the defeat of himself.

The philosophy which Penrose adopted in the dark hours after his defeat for the mayoralty nomination is well expressed by Talcott Williams, who suggested to Penrose, following his election to the United States Senate a few years later, that he concern himself with statesmanship and intelligent issues of national importance. To this suggestion Mr. Williams has Penrose's reply:

"What's the use? I propose to stay senator. I want power. It is the only thing I crave. I have it. I shall keep it. There are about five thousand election divisions in this State. They hold from twenty thousand to twenty-five thou-

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sand Republican workers who carry divisions and bring out the vote. I must know all these men. They must know me. If I do not meet them and never see them, I must know who they are, what they want, and how and when. My hand must be always on the job. I can never take it off; if I do, I am gone. The interests of the State? Of course I look after those. But the job is managing and knowing the twenty thousand men who run the election divisions. As for great measures and great issues, such as you talk about, no senator of a State of this size, run as it is, has the time to take them up. I am always glad to hear suggestions. Come to me, write to me. I shall always be glad to hear you, but staying senator is my job."

Such a life he did lead, day after day, until the very end. All his days were consumed in constant association with cheap people; in deciding which one should have this office and which one that; in attending political conferences secret and public; in mixing in with the rough and ready of this world; in planning, organizing and effecting campaigns in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania that would keep his power supreme; in coercing, bribing, forcing, enticing and crushing the recalcitrant; in guiding, inspiring and limiting the friendly; in meeting and conspiring with the industrial and financial leaders of Pennsylvania and the country, securing money from them for the greater glory of the Pennsylvania and National Republican Committees, and giving value therefor; in using his position as senator to maintain his own political power in Pennsylvania and the power of the industrialists throughout the country.

Quay had boasted he would make Penrose United States Senator because he had been defeated for the mayoralty nomination. In this he was opposed by John Wanamaker, who, having served as postmaster-general in President Harrison's administration, had found public life to his taste. He aspired to J. Donald Cameron's seat in the Senate, which the younger Cameron was voluntarily relinquishing.

At that time senators were elected by the State legislatures. Therefore Mr. Wanamaker's friends went among the legislators at Harrisburg with righteous protestations against the iniquity of Quay and with a large amount of cash. They rallied seventy-six Republicans to their cause and in dingy Harrisburg hotels dickered and schemed. Quay and Penrose, playing the same game with more finesse, were confident. They had five more votes than the requisite majority of two hundred and fifty-four lawmakers. On January 5, 1897, the legislature elected Penrose United States Senator from Pennsylvania.

In the midst of some revelry which followed, where the astute and the servile were gathered to celebrate the victory, to wassail and wisecrack until realities became vague and there was neither knowledge of what they had done or intended to do, Don Cameron turned to Penrose and asked:

"Why don't you marry?"

And Penrose, without smiling, replied: "If the Republican organization will pick the woman, I'll marry her."

Penrose was a trifle over thirty-six years of age when, with neither pride nor elation, he entered the United States Senate. Quay remarked: "This young man will either make or break us both." But he did neither. Quay was no more or less when he died seven years later than he had been before Penrose came, and Penrose, when he died, was neither more nor less than Quay. Only Penrose, more aware of the rôle he played in life

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than Quay, found less comfort in cynicism.

He entered the Senate on the day William McKinley became President, March 4, 1897, before the Democrats had discovered America was tending toward imperialism; and at his death, almost twenty-five years afterward, when the Republicans were acting as though America were not in fact an empire, there were only three members of the Senate who had seen him enter it—Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming, and Knute Nelson, of Minnesota.

There is a legend which has Penrose as a man who threw all his three hundred pounds into the work of making tariff schedules, who was fortunately gifted with a flair for percentages and making the Democrats like his figures. He did become a tariff expert, and it was through the making of high tariffs that Penrose became chairman of the very powerful finance committee of the Senate. But he *had* to like tariffs, just as he had to like big business. He came from Pennsylvania.

Quay died in the library of his home at Beaver, Pa., in May of 1904, "looking out upon the bright spring day that was touching the earth with beauty, fragrance and the promise of future plenty. 'It is very beautiful,' he murmured, 'it is very beautiful.' " His last political desires were to have been whispered to Penrose, who arrived too late to hear them. This did not overly disturb the dying man. He knew Penrose was everywhere regarded as his successor and that, if any were recalcitrant, Penrose was not likely to suffer their moans or treacheries to threaten his supremacy. Had he not trained Penrose in the way a politician should go?

Penrose was well trained. No bills of any importance bear his name, but his cunning in manipulating the election of mayors, governors, senators and presidents, and his skill in "safeguarding" the interests of business in the world's greatest industrial country remain vivid in the memory of all who followed the national politics of the first quarter of this century, the period in which America emerged from comparative international obscurity into the foremost power on earth.

One morning a short time after Quay's death gunpowder and nitroglycerine, enough to wreck a building, contained in a package so constructed that opening would set it off, and addressed to "Senator Boies Penrose, Congress, Washington, D. C.," were found where a frightened psychopath abandoned the package, in a vestibule of 1120 Market Street, Philadelphia.

The incident was reported to Penrose as an attempt to terrorize him. "Do they really hate me so much?" he asked, and did not mention it again.

No senator had a busier office in Washington than Penrose, and even though he was often away, the routine work was scrupulously done. He employed a man to familiarize himself with law and American history, another to take plain Pennsylvanians about the Capital, another to read magazines and papers. He employed a large variety of secretaries, messengers, go-betweens, fixers, spies and trusties responsible to him personally, whom he himself used, who were separate from the political organization in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania.

As many will remember, the Republican convention in Chicago in 1912 was divided over the choice of Roosevelt or a "safe" candidate. The question to Penrose and the "old guard" was: Shall we compromise this once, hand over the vast power and patronage of the Fed-

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eral administration to Roosevelt, who will give us nothing but denunciation and embarrassment as he builds up a party of his own; shall we do this so the Democrats will not win?

Penrose answered:

"The great party will stand on the principles of its founders; to compromise at this time is eternally and everlastingly wrong. The people of this country are tired of this great Republican party. They are tired of bossism in Indiana. They are tired of organization in Ohio. They are tired of Penrose in Pennsylvania. Let us drive this grand old party to the brink. Let us drive it to the very edge, let us push it over the precipice, and then go to the other side and gather up the fragments and out of them build a new Republican party with new principles to meet advanced conditions."

In expressing these sentiments, in which he was sincere, Penrose avowed the shy and still lurking wish that he and all like him might be relieved of the necessities demanding those practices which gave politics their bad odor and politicians their cruel and ruthless deceit. In a word, Penrose was at that moment a Saul asking his fellows and life to permit him to become Paul. The answer, given quickly and unequivocally, was a refusal. Taft was nominated, as Penrose boldly but for a different reason recommended, and Roosevelt organized his Progressive party.

Just before the convention opened, when favorite sons were being bruited as candidates, Penrose proposed the name of an old enemy, John Wanamaker, for the vice-presidential nomination. This was a forlorn effort to alienate Wanamaker from the Roosevelt fold. Its only significance is illustrative, to show that Penrose did not clutter his mind with hate or thoughts of revenge. He considered no one of sufficient importance for his hate. He was ever willing to use a man he despised.

Penrose returned to Philadelphia aware his State would go for Roosevelt's independent ticket and that he would lose his grip upon the political machinery of Pennsylvania. But none saw him shaken, or in any way disconcerted. He began at once to plan for the next year. His confidence had a double origin: he was at the crest of physical energy and well-being, and he knew neither Taft nor Roosevelt would be elected, but that a Democrat would.

It is upon this point he may have sighed, perhaps just before sleep came to him on those early summer evenings, as his huge form lay, inert, upon the rigorously plain iron bed in the ascetically bare bedroom on the third floor of the Penrose house in Philadelphia.

He may have sighed secretly because a Democrat would be president, for it would occur just when he had attained power in the national Republican party, when he could legitimately expect to dictate the names of some who would sit in the Cabinet, to receive the chairmanship of some of the vital committees, and a tacit if not official leadership of the majority party in the Senate. His career, which had begun with so much favor and advanced so rapidly, would be checked for four, perhaps eight, years. He could neither initiate nor promote the national policies. He would be compelled to play the critic, perhaps to carp and condemn offhand, without any cessation or joy.

The war was to come, elevating many of the obscure, scattering great praise upon the mediocre, offering pretty places in history to the administration personnel, offering opportunity for the strong to conceive and execute bold projects, to play upon the emotions of

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men, to give daring and even magnificent objective expression to a healthy man's will to power. And Penrose had said he wanted only power, but when he might have had it to fling the livelong day, and every day, he was in eclipse.

But in 1912 Penrose did not know there would be a war. He only knew that when the Democrats' reign should be over he would be sixty years old, begin to tire and be only the senior senator from Pennsylvania, only a political boss of national importance.

However close an alliance between Roosevelt and William Randolph Hearst may have been in 1912, it was sufficient for Hearst to publish in the August number of *Hearst's* and thereafter the letters written by John D. Archbold, of the Standard Oil aggregation, to Penrose and other senators. These letters were stolen in 1904 and sold to Hearst by two waifs and strays.

The letters written to Penrose clearly disclosed a relationship between Archbold and Penrose which resulted in a contribution of twenty-five thousand dollars to Penrose, conveyed in the form of a certificate of deposit in Penrose's favor. It was quite clearly indicated that Penrose, as a member of the United States Industrial Commission, which in 1899 was going through the motions of investigating the trusts, had protected oil-trust witnesses and had sent a copy of the commission's final report to Archbold *for approval* before that report was published.

Such disclosures did not shock the general public, although they are one of the outstanding uncovered examples of the corruption of public officials by corporations. The disclosures in relation to Penrose were not shocking, for every one knew he believed the corporations *should* be protected and *should* contribute to the political party which protected them.

Penrose met the situation boldly and with success. He denied that he had extended any favors to the Standard Oil trust, admitted that he had received the certificate of deposit for twenty-five thousand dollars, but insisted that it was for the purpose of helping to elect Roosevelt in 1904 in Pennsylvania, and was merely one-fifth of a total contribution made by Standard Oil to the Roosevelt campaign fund.

Penrose himself moved that the expenses of the 1904 campaign be investigated by the Senate. He knew Roosevelt would be proven blacker than himself, for Roosevelt posed as a "trust-buster," as an enemy of the vested interests; while Penrose never posed, and all the world knew him for what he was, so that the revelations would not be new, or damaging. Penrose made a remarkable speech of bold justification in the Senate. Archbold testified that, with Roosevelt's knowledge, another $100,000 contribution was solicited and, when refused, resulted in subsequent persecution of the Standard Oil Company by Roosevelt's administration, such persecution as was "unknown in even darkest Africa."

Roosevelt was so busy with denials that the public overlooked Penrose's culpability. It should be stated here, definitely, that the money Penrose collected from corporations and others, and he collected much, was used for party purposes, and never for himself. He didn't need it.

During the war Penrose occasionally seemed favorable to the liberal attitude, as when he savagely attacked George Creel's censorship bureau. But this was more an attack upon a Democratic administration than an espousal of a free press.

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The benign story of Penrose crossing the Senate floor and putting his arm about Bob LaFollette on the day the Senate had ostracized him for his supposedly pro-German speech in Milwaukee, is not an illustration of Penrose's respect for an honest man, although he had that, or for LaFollette, whom he respected, but an illustration of practicality. The Republicans and Democrats in the Senate were equally divided, and the Republicans needed LaFollette's vote. While others indulged themselves in a prejudice they called patriotism, Penrose gave LaFollette reason to remain Republican.

Penrose was one of those men, rarely encountered in this world, who are entirely void of hypocrisy, who say exactly what they think. He did not hesitate to call Woodrow Wilson a "schoolmarm," and William Jennings Bryan, whom he despised, an "excrescence on the face of democracy." His marked capability in performing that useful function to business which has become, in so many minds, his chief distinction, permitted him to speak and act without a constant concern for the opinions of his constituents, a freedom which the vast majority of his colleagues in the Senate passionately envied.

In debate Penrose was exceptionally compelling in an uncompromising, brutal way. His voice, which was congenitally thin, seemed actually piping when heard from the mouth of such a loud body. None the less its very oddity caused men to listen, and the words that voice used treated the topic of the moment with an unusual lucidity and force.

At the beginning of 1918 the Republican criticism of Wilson and the Democratic administration became unendurable for William Joel Stone, well known as "Gumshoe Bill" of Missouri. Senator Stone made a remarkable speech one afternoon, beginning mildly with a charge against Roosevelt, whom he declared was "the most potent agent of the Kaiser in America." He passed on to a general condemnation of all who criticised President Wilson.

Penrose, who had made several notes while Senator Stone spoke, melodramatically interrupted and with considerable sarcasm said:

"I never heard of any divine ointment on Mr. Wilson's head. Does the gentleman from Missouri think he is to remain in power forever? Is there no one to succeed him?

"Take that mysterious traveller, Colonel House, whose expenses are paid out of the contingent fund, for example. The humblest consular official has to be confirmed by this Senate before he can go abroad. I have never heard of the President sending a personal representative. I have heard of kings and kaisers doing it, but it is not good democratic method. It's a strange doctrine of personal government that we have in this country. Wilson is not the American Government."

Senator Stone interrupted this childishness by saying criticism of Colonel House at home lessened his effectiveness abroad.

"Where did this colonel get his title?" Penrose asked.

The irrelevancy produced the desired result. There were two minutes of loud and hearty laughter. Vice-President Marshall ordered the galleries cleared, but he was reminded that most of the laughter was on the floor of the Senate.

Senator Lewis was at last able to explain that House had once been a colonel on a governor's staff.

Penrose continued teasing the children:

"I am sure this Colonel House, if he had the chance, would be another Na-

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poleon or Cæsar, even though his principal line seems more to be keeping under cover than going over the top. Moreover, he isn't such delicate bric-à-brac that he must be kept under a glass case to avoid criticism. He's just a Texas lobbyist."

Senator Lewis flared. He became pompous with indignation. He demanded that Penrose prove the charge that House was a lobbyist.

"The term," Penrose replied softly, "is not necessarily one of opprobrium."

"No man in public life could know better the meaning of the term lobbyist," Lewis shot back.

If the incident of the Archbold letters can be used to indicate the character of his national affairs, standing as an example of similar exploits of which the public never heard, the Fifth Ward murder in Philadelphia might be similarly used to reveal something of the extreme methods Penrose found necessary to maintain supremacy over the political organizations of his city and State.

In September, 1917, Philadelphia was enlivened by a political murder of amazing stupidity, which Penrose turned to good account in his constant strife with the Vare brothers, whose organization in Philadelphia continuously threatened the supremacy of Penrose's.

The Penrose leader in the Fifth Ward in Philadelphia was an ex-policeman who had been advanced to the office of mercantile appraiser because of his ability to control the votes of that ward of submerged people. James A. Carey was as fleshy as Penrose, to whom he was unequivocally loyal.

In 1917 the Vare leader in that ward, Ike Deutsch, attempted to wrest control from Carey. The approaching primary was acknowledged to be the deciding struggle for supremacy.

As a preliminary flourish, and apparently without any ulterior purpose, Jim McNichol, Penrose's chief lieutenant in Philadelphia, threatened to send four hundred men into the Fifth Ward with pick-handles to assist the voters in avoiding "mistakes" in their ballots.

There are many who believe this statement was deliberately made for the purpose of inciting the Vares to do just what they proceeded to do.

The Vares retaliated by sending thugs and gunmen belonging to the Frog Hollow gang of the Bronx, New York City, into the citadel of Carey's workers, the Thomas D. Finletter Club. There was a general row, singularly uninterrupted by the police, on the eve of the primary, September 18, 1917.

The next day, while the voting was in progress, Carey and John H. Maurer, an assistant district attorney, were walking along Delancey Street when they were set upon and blackjacked. An unfortunately honest policeman, George A. Eppley, ran to their assistance and was shot and killed.

After the trials, which resulted in but few convictions, some one said to Penrose:

"Why did you make so much fuss over this unfortunate affair? When you and McNichol work together men may be killed."

"Yes," Penrose replied, "but we use home talent. You imported yours from New York."

Toward the end of 1919 Penrose was correctly considered the arbiter of the national affairs of the Republican party. It is difficult to say why it should seem right that at this very moment he should collapse, that the illness from which he would die in two years should come at the moment of his greatest power. And yet it does seem fitting.

Penrose left at the end of 1919 for Florida, to stay two months. He stayed

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until April. The nervous exhaustion which kept him there created an enervation he could not shake off. When he arrived at his Philadelphia home on April 13 he gave all his failing energies to the innumerable delicacies which composed his consuming ambition.

"I am sixty years old," he said, in an unconscious confession of the physical extremity from which he was speaking and acting. "At best my career can last only a few years more. With what better service can I crown it than by so exerting myself that a man fitted for the duties of the presidency be named?"

Such was the ambition of this moribund man. And the result of the heroic devotion to this purpose was a President hurried to his death by the scandals of his half-completed term in the White House.

Penrose made many attempts to get out of bed and upon his most intricate affairs, in the weeks preceding the convention. He declared he would go to Chicago if he died en route. But the magnificent physique of his youth was too deteriorated. The orders of his physicians meant nothing whatever. He would have gone if his legs would have carried him. They wouldn't, and he lay in bed.

And so from a room in the Penrose home at 1331 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, the home of his childhood, the only home he ever had, he was to dictate the nomination of Warren Harding. Private telephone and telegraph wires were to be installed, and over the distances which separate Philadelphia from Chicago the fixated, determined will was to speed in code, and to be obeyed.

The reasons for the selection of Harding are too involved to be told here. Are they fully known? Bits of the story have come out from time to time—some important bits during the Tea Pot Dome hearings. But of one thing there is no doubt: Penrose dictated the nomination from his sick-bed in Philadelphia. At the Chicago end of the private wires extending from that sick-room was John T. King. Penrose's name was cheered at that Chicago convention. All who were there will remember how word from Penrose was awaited.

Although he appeared in Washington in a wheel-chair, emaciated and unrelenting, he did not receive the fruits of that last great exertion. He was too spent, his death too plainly impended, and the men who owed him the most were the most eager to escape from his domination.

His clothes, fashioned during the days of his maximum physique, hung upon his shrunken and bent form in folds. The rolls of fat which had formed beneath his chin were gone, and the shrunken cheeks were like caverns of shadows cast by the large and desolate eyes. Unlike many another in such circumstances, he remained passionately devoted to the work his odd destiny compelled. There was no relenting. He remained as cynical in his basic concepts of the world in his illness as he had been in health. He was as intolerant of mediocrity and hypocrisy. His mind fashioned as ruthless analyses of problems and personalities.

On the last night of 1921, on New Year's eve, as the Ohio gang revelled in Washington and on the lower floors of Penrose's hotel, that pain about the heart which is as terrible in its implications as in its physical agony, seized him. At 11.30 he was dead; the cause, according to the diagnosis, was pulmonary thrombosis.

The very next day, while his body was en route to Philadelphia, a dozen claims to succeed him were advanced.

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His body arrived at the West Philadelphia station without any reception, and it was taken to the house in which he was born while the public was still unaware of its arrival.

Though he had been one of the most important figures in the national political life, there was no funeral; there was no service; there was no public mourning. The Senate was asked not to send a delegation to accompany the body to the grave. An hour after dawn a half-dozen people came out of the old Penrose home, the body was carried into the hearse. The one limousine followed the body to the South Laurel Hill Cemetery and returned alone. It was the Penrose tradition; the father was buried without any ceremony whatever.

Penrose never had a friend to whom his heart was open. He never really loved a woman or was loved by one. He believed in nothing, save in strength, and he was aware how soon strength disappears. This lack of belief estranged him from men, most of whom cherish an infinite variety of curious notions, to which they adhere with terrible zeal.

Penrose regarded religion as a mixture of superstition and psychopathology, useful only as an instrument for the perpetuation of what is called law and order. He regarded science as an interesting pastime, useful for increasing the tools and conveniences of an industrial society. He regarded morality, in its theory, as a device of the weak to entrap the strong, and, in its application, as the device of the strong to entrap the weak. He considered social pleasures as either stupidities or opiates.

As he approached the end he was singularly alone. He, who in youth had possessed every advantage, discovered, in the secret places of his heart, that in his hands health, vitality, wealth, social position, intelligence and a handsome countenance had come to no fruition. It is true he believed they produced no more in the hands of others, and this opinion, coupled with his knowledge of the pretenses cultivated by all men, engendered the cynicism that was both his guide and his solace.

When we look back upon him now, what do we see? A great physique and a good mind given up to the manipulation of government for the benefit of a new industrialism in a new country? No, not only that. We can also see, if we will, the essence of tragedy, which the Greeks defined as the defeat of the individual by the incomprehensible flux of the world.

Heaven and Earth

By Annabel Ledlie Berry

I sit at the door between two worlds
Their perfume drifts to me,
The smell of the wild wet rainy woods,
And the apple sauce for tea,
Two of me . . . and which is true?
Am I bounded by sky or walls?
Life will be waiting out in the field
After the rooftree falls!

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Those who have followed only casually the course of fashions in criticism are somewhat taken aback to find "humanism" suddenly a fighting word among the literati. Mr. Grattan is not likely to quiet the turmoil with his brilliant and caustic primer on the subject. His article reveals clearly why the fight has assumed, in New York at least, the aspects of a Corsican vendetta.

What Is This Humanism?

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

THE field of literature is notoriously the home of lost causes. Almost any antique idea, no matter how dusty and fly-blown, can pass as legitimate currency in literary circles, if the proponent is sufficiently impressive, and particularly sufficiently hieratic in his manner. Literary men, as a class, are surprisingly ill-informed about anything but literature, and while they would be the first to resist the opinion of a scientist on literature, they are equally prompt to denounce a scientific idea that seems incompatible with their notions, derived from the study of past literature.

One of the most astonishing syntheses of discredited doctrines now titillating the minds of literary folk is called Humanism. To be sure Humanism is not new. In America its pedigree is rather impressive. Historically the line runs from Emerson through Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton to George Edward Woodberry, W. C. Brownell, Brander Matthews, and Kenyon Cox. Stuart Sherman *was* a Humanist at the beginning of his career, but apostatized. Contemporary Humanism derives chiefly from Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt. The disciples are Norman Foerster, Prosser Hall Frye, G. R. Elliott, Robert Shafer, Sherlock Bronson Gass, William F. Giese, Barry Cerf, Samuel Straus, Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., P. H. Houston, and others. Their most sympathetic non-academic expositor is Gorham B. Munson, who is a sort of broker in the field of modern and ancient ideas, none of which, apparently, he examines very closely. Their organ is *The Bookman,* though occasionally their pronouncements appear in *The Forum.* Various other journals look on their works with a sympathetic eye.

For years the Humanists have been forced, by the exigencies of literary politics, to conduct their operations on the outskirts of the literary scene. But in exile they must have closely observed the "literary racket" and now they conduct their campaign in the most approved fashion. Mr. G. R. Elliott writes a book and Doctor Irving Babbitt reviews it favorably in *The Forum.* Mr. Frye writes his third book (his second received the accolade from Paul Elmer More) and Mr. Gass praises it in *The Bookman.* Mr. Allen Tate attacks More and Babbitt from the standpoint of religion in "The Hound and Horn," and Mr. Shafer, through the columns of *The Bookman,* assures the world that Mr. Tate doesn't know what he is talking about and that his touch is one that defiles. It is curious indeed to learn that

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Messrs. More and Babbitt, both students of Hindu philosophy, have become "untouchables." But most astonishing of all the information about the Humanists is that derivable from a long editorial in *The Bookman* for January, 1930. The author of this piece metaphorically kicked down the back stairs into the ashcan most of the literary products of the nineteen twenties. Incidentally he tells us that the authors of these products were libertarians, worshippers of the "odd, the unorthodox, the subversive, the novel, the highly spiced." They wrote for "shady" magazines. They exhibited an interest in social problems, an interest only worthy of police reporters. They were bohemians. They were pacifists during the late war. They accepted "pseudo-science." They were, in a phrase, "paranoic newspaper reporters." All of which is rather amusing nonsense and a million miles from being a sane and critical account of the nineteen twenties. But by implication the Humanists, whose banner *The Bookman* now flies, are strict moralists, worshippers of the common, the orthodox, the respectable, the ordinary, and the flat. They write for respectable magazines like *The Bookman*. They have no interest in social questions. They are bourgeoise. They were howling patriots during the late war. They accept only the most approved science. They are, in a phrase, normal college professors. All of which is amusing nonsense and a million miles from being a sane and critical account of the Humanists.

The arrival of the Humanists to a more central position has been made possible largely by the discontent which rages amongst the younger critics. It is freely alleged that the older critics, so efficient in destroying the encumbrances to a mature American literature, have signally failed to provide a mature philosophy of literature. Furthermore, the younger critics have, in some way not clear to the writer, arrived at the conclusion that literature should serve as an all-around substitute for psychology, sociology, ethics, and culture history. It is felt that all these disciplines may best be apprehended through literature rather than through an intensive study of the best results of scholarship in the fields themselves. And literature is to provide a final answer to the eternal quest for certainty.

Literature, particularly criticism, has become a battle-ground for the most extraordinary collection of ideas ever assembled for the delectation of the connoisseur. But most of the dissident literary philosophies may in some sense be called Humanistic. Unfortunately no two Humanists agree on the tenets of their doctrine. Any critique of Humanism must, therefore, be a critique of a particular Humanist or a critique of the doctrines that run with a fair degree of persistence through the works of them all. In this paper the latter approach will be employed.

II

The Humanist argument runs as follows: By a free will which is at once selective (and not causally determined) and a mechanism of ethical control, man is enabled to select his mode of life. There is a profound dualism between man and nature. Man, to be human, must live by values which are higher than anything deducible from nature. Man has glimpses of a higher reality behind the flux and flow of nature. On the basis of these glimpses he is enabled to formulate a code of values which is opposed to nature and therefore human, to guide him in living. The man who denies this higher reality and derives his

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values from nature is a naturalist. The man who identifies higher reality with God is a religionist and accepts his code of values on the basis of divine revelation or from admitted authority exterior to himself to which he submits himself for guidance. But there is a medial position which, while opposed to naturalism, is yet not prepared to accept divinely revealed or externally imposed values. The man in this position seeks to formulate his values from a close study of those glimpses of antecedent reality discernible in literature and from life scrutinized through literature. Such a man is a Humanist.

The Humanist asserts free will as a fact. It is necessary for him to do so because he believes that man can by his own choice live on any level he desires. Thus, if there is no free will he thinks that there can be no Humanists. For one becomes a Humanist by cultivating values which are not naturalistic; values indeed which are opposed to the naturalistic trends in human personality; and one can do this only by exercising choice.

The difficulty here is the fact that the Humanists have failed to examine their concept of "free will"—they have left it hanging in mid-air so to speak. But having posited a dualism between man and nature (an idea which will be examined below) it follows that they consider the will to be located in the human aspects of the personality, not the natural. Their will, as has been remarked, is both selective and a mechanism of ethical control. Doctor Babbitt describes it as an "inner check" operating upon the expansive trends of the personality, and since it is ethical in quality it is alleged to be *indispensable to the practice of Humanism*. But, to quote C. J. Herrick, "The coinage of a high-brow name for an unknown factor is not an adequate solution of a scientific problem, though this subtle device has at times retarded scientific advance for generations."

The Humanist will, then, is a metaphysical concept not to be defined, measured, or described in terms that are acceptable to the scientific mind. It is an arbitrary intrusion into the personality from the outside, not integral with it. Its action is not causal but arbitrary. It is a figment of the imagination, without validity to any one with an elementary knowledge of modern scientific thought on the subject.

The joke of the matter is that it is quite unnecessary in the accomplishment of the Humanist desire to arrive at so-called freedom of choice. Modern scientific determinism assumes the reign of law everywhere. "The scientific method," writes Doctor Herrick, "admits of no appeal to mystical agencies which do not knit into a unitary system of natural processes and of no logical arguments whose premises are not verifiable experiences." Man being continuous with nature it follows inescapably that the mind is as much subject to the rule of causal sequence as the rest of the body. There are no discontinuities in nature. We admit cheerfully that part of our conduct is controlled in the same fashion. Admitting this does not lead to fatalism or to subjection to the law of chance. For, writes Herrick,*

> our common and trustworthy experience is that mental acts (thoughts, emotions, volitions, and the like) are causative factors in human conduct. . . . When therefore, we say that conscious experience is a causative factor in human behavior it must be understood that we regard this experience as one part only of a protoplasmic activity involving structural changes in the nervous system, whether we know what these latter are or not. Thinking is a part of living and all living involves struc-

*See "Fatalism or Freedom," by C. J. Herrick, the best modern scientific statement of this problem I have ever seen.

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tural alterations of the vital substance. . . . Some of our experiences we objectify as external things; another complex of experiences we objectify as our own animal bodies; still other experiences we do not objectify at all and call them ideas, hopes, sentiments, aspirations, ideals, and so forth. These are just as truly functions of our body as is our breathing. They are natural events. Their causes are preceding natural events, some outside our bodies, some inside, some easily demonstrable physiologically, some known only introspectively. Their results are still other natural events, some mental, some physiological, some perhaps profound changes in external nature. . . . When . . . discrimination is made consciously in view of the probable future consequences of each of the possible ways of reacting to the situation we call the act a choice. . . . Whichever alternative I may choose it is clear that every step is causally determined in the same sense that my reflexes are said to be causally determined. . . . This power to choose, that is, to shape our conduct in view of one out of several possible future contingencies, is no supernatural or miraculous endowment which enables us to flout the laws of nature; it operates within the natural realm and in harmony with natural law.

These correlated passages make it abundantly clear that in dismissing the Humanist "free will" (in both its aspects) as a metaphysical concept of no validity or worth, we do not fall into a paralyzing worship of fatalism nor into a drifting world of chance. Quite the contrary. All that we dismiss is a metaphysical concept of no use whatsoever. Its utility as an illusion is another matter entirely.

Equally dubious is the Humanist assertion that there are three distinct levels of experience. These levels, they say, are in an ascending scale of excellence. Since any hierarchy of levels of living is quite arbitrary in origin and invidious in intent, overemphasis of what may perhaps be justified on the plea of expedience is dangerous. It is hardly necessary, when you have no ulterior motive, to assign a higher and lower position to modes of life. It is best to recognize that they are different approaches to the problem of living. Furthermore, such invidious distinctions soon lead to an attitude of patronage or glorification toward the mode not practised. In this fashion any critical examination of the alternative modes is precluded and, indeed, the accepted mode becomes so self-contained as to make impossible co-operation for common ends.

The Humanist classification is revelatory of the distinctions they draw in discussing the modern world and modern literature. The lowest level is the naturalistic. On this level living proceeds on the basis of mere unregulated animality. It is in no way given significance by a discipline of values. It is expansive and materialistic. It is expansive because on the emotional side Rousseau is its prophet and Rousseau emphasized the free play of natural impulses at the expense of an imposed discipline, and materialistic because of its allegiance to the Baconian cult of science.

On the Humanistic level, on the other hand, the emphasis is on discipline—on control through the ethical will. Humanism is a doctrine and a discipline of aspiration without being a religion. According to Doctor Irving Babbitt the great Humanistic virtue is "decorum, or a sense of proportion." In other words, Humanism enables man to discipline his natural impulses in the interests of finer living. It is, in Humanist eyes, an athletic discipline, not supine and drifting, but resistive and aspiring. While the Humanist recognizes that man is after all an animal and subject to natural laws—a product of evolution and an integral part of nature—he asserts that man has glimpses of a state higher than the natural to which he aspires. The formulation of his aspirations gives him knowledge of what is *human*. Human law is not in any way subject to the

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natural law of the universe. It is, indeed, opposed to the natural. Doctor Norman Foerster writes: "Humanism assumes . . . that the essential elements of human experience are precisely those which appear to conflict with the reality explored by naturism." Humanism, then, is a scheme of values above man. To practise these values he must suppress his naturalistic self.

Assuming a medial position, the Humanist tacitly admits that the religious plane of living is either higher or complementary to his own. Doctor Foerster characterizes religious experience as "the supreme level of life." Doctor Babbitt writes: "The honest thinker, whatever his own preference, must begin by admitting that though religion can get along without Humanism, Humanism cannot get along without religion." It is this hospitality toward and deference to religion that is carrying so many young Humanists over into religious sects. Humanism is merely a point of rest on the threshold of the church. Yet the Humanist is prevented by his inability to accept any revealed truth, from progressing to the highest plane. But experience is proving that that inability soon breaks down amongst the disciples of Humanism. It is no wonder that Doctor Foerster did not meet the challenge of T. S. Eliot's remark: "There is no avoiding that dilemma: you must be either a naturalist or a supernaturalist." The Humanist prefers to rest in the position of an ally of dogmatic religion. As long as the "inner check" is in good working order he can resist the cries of T. S. Eliot and G. K. Chesterton inviting them into their respective ponds with the plea that the water is fine! It is not unjust to say that Humanism is a refuge for those persons who want to be religious without assuming the responsibility of defending a dogmatic orthodoxy of the conventional kind. They want the moral elevation without the supernatural sustention.

But "the central assumption of Humanism," writes Doctor Foerster echoing Doctor Babbitt, "is that of a dualism of man and nature." Doctor Babbitt's famous work, "Rousseau and Romanticism" is devoted in considerable part to the assertion of this dualism. One of his main indictments of the naturalists, whether Rousseauistic or Baconian (the writer of this paper is undoubtedly what Doctor Babbitt would call a Baconian), is that they deny the duality of man and nature. This duality is an idea developed before the experimental technic was applied to man. It is an idea held in common by the Greek philosophers and the Christian theologians. The difficulty is to determine in what particular the human mind (for the duality arises in the mind) is subject to a power outside of nature. To achieve duality one must introduce from the outside of nature and arbitrarily something that is not naturally there. "There is no separate 'mind,'" writes Doctor John Dewey, "gifted in and of itself with a faculty of thought; such a conception of thought ends in postulating the mystery of a power outside of nature and yet able to intervene within it. Thinking is objectively discoverable as that mode of serial responsive behavior to a problematic situation in which transition to the relatively settled and clear is effective." This position, which accords with the findings of science,* entirely elimi-

*See Herrick, *op. cit.*, page 40: "There is abundant scientific evidence . . . that thinking is a function of the body (and of the brain more particularly) just as truly as walking is a function of the body (and of the legs more particularly). Both of these functions have well-known, definitely assignable organs, and the scientific evidence for relating the function with the organ is of the same sort and equally convincing in the two cases."

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nates the possibility of a discontinuity between the human and the natural, for the "human," it must be understood, resides in the mind—according to the Humanist. Such a discontinuity as Humanism demands can only be based on the idea that the mind is a "spectator"; or that it runs parallel to the body in some undefined way; or that there is an interaction with no causal relation between mind and body. None of these positions is tenable. For as a matter of fact organic acts are an integral part of all mental processes. "Man is continuous with nature."

The Humanist feels it necessary to posit this dualism because he relegates science to an inferior position and seeks to aggrandize Humanistic and religious values. By such aggrandizement he hopes to save his values from scientific (experimental) scrutiny. Indeed he glories in the fact that his values are not naturalistic but "human" and as such in opposition to the naturalistic. This opposition leads to what Joseph Wood Krutch has called the "paradox of Humanism," which is that most of the values which the Humanists glorify are values which are least human in the ordinary sense. Instead of realizing that values which are to gain general allegiance and have an important part in practice must grow naturally out of life as the mass of cultivated mankind lives it, the Humanist demands that values require a deliberate effort of a hypothetical free will acting arbitrarily, for their achievement. He is thus demanding that the discontinuity between ideals and practice be perpetuated. The Humanist fails to see that life is not so ascetic an affair that men may brood on ethical "choices." They have not indeed, under modern conditions of living, time to engage in abstract spiritual exercises of any kind, and if the values which are to be regarded as valuable to man and society do not have a natural and inevitable continuity with action, they are bound to remain unobserved and consequently trivial and unimportant—noble and amusing anachronisms.

Humanist values, it will be recalled, are derived from glimpses of higher reality—of the antecedently real. In the eyes of the Humanist the apprehension of the antecedently real is what gives man knowledge. Doctor John Dewey's latest and most important book, "The Quest for Certainty," is in part devoted to a devastating critique of the doctrine. Doctor Dewey points out that the idea of an antecedent reality was first developed by the Greeks and was adapted to Christian epistemology by identifying the universal with God. It was the idea common to all variations upon the doctrine that behind the shifting appearances of this world there was a pre-existent perfect scheme. Man progressed in knowledge insofar as, by the operation of his intellect, he apprehended this scheme. In seeking to provide a philosophical basis for modern science, Sir Isaac Newton borrowed this Greek idea and made it the purpose of science to reveal through the experimental method the pre-existing scheme. In this way he grafted an antique anachronism upon what was an entirely new and remarkable method for arriving at knowledge. He subverted his most original contribution to human thought to the most powerful and perverse idea that had survived from the era before experimental science became a possibility.

Though Newton thus provided philosophy with a method for reconciling scientific advances with the necessities of its pre-experimental position, he effectively cut off any chance for science immediately to contribute to philosophy a new theory of knowledge. For,

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while experimental science proceeded to advance knowledge by one method, the philosophers continued to say that it was advancing by another. The issue was the so-called Newtonian World-machine. The fault of evolving this monstrosity, if fault it was, must not be laid at the door of the scientists, but at the door of the philosophers, who by insisting that experimental science was revealing a pre-existing scheme of the universe, provided the basis of the whole idea.

Doctor Dewey discards this outmoded notion and evolves a theory of knowledge from the methods of experimental science. He states the experimental method of arriving at knowledge thus:

> While the traits of experimental inquiry are familiar, so little use has been made of them in formulating a theory of knowledge and of mind in relation to nature that a somewhat explicit statement of well-known facts is excusable. They exhibit three oustanding characteristics. The first is the obvious one that all experimentation involves *overt* doing, the making of definite changes in the environment, or in our relation to it. The second is that experiment is not a random activity but is directed by ideas which have to meet the conditions set by the need of the problem inducing the active inquiry. The third and concluding feature, in which the other two receive their full measure of meaning, is that the outcome of the directed activity is the construction of a new empirical situation in which objects are differently related to one another, and such that the *consequences* of directed operations form the objects that have the property of being *known*.

But while the Humanists profess to derive their values by the apprehension of the universal elements discernible behind the flux and flow of experience, they really derive them from the study of past literature. To be sure a Humanist of the order of Doctor Babbitt is chiefly famous for the destructive criticism he has levelled against the writers and schools of writers who have subverted his values, notably Rousseau and his derivatives and abettors. But Doctor Foerster, who is somewhat of a missionary, has told us frequently that the true Humanistic values are to be found in what is known as classic literature (not necessarily the literary classics, by the way) and above all in Greek literature.* The point here is: the Humanistic values are derived from past formulations, and particularly from formulations arrived at in a primitive society where the authors could not conceivably imagine many of the most vital and complex problems of modern living. Even if we accept, as the Humanists apparently do, the idea that literature is in a certain sense a criticism of life, it is impossible to accept this method of deriving values for living. Doctor Dewey has a passage which clearly defines the quality of values to be derived from literature, since literature is a projection of experience, criticised, if at all, on a non-scientific basis.

> "Experience" once meant the results accumulated in memory of a variety of past doings and undergoings that were had without control by insight, when the net accumulation was found to be practically available in dealing with present situations. Both the original perceptions and uses and the application of their outcome in present doings were accidental—that is, neither was determined by an understanding of the relations of cause and effect, of means and consequences, involved. In that sense they were non-rational, non-scientific.

Our quarrel is not with values as such. It would be an indefensible position to maintain to deny that values are necessary to civilized living. None of us has quite resigned the hope of some sort of good life. "The problem of restoring integration and co-operation between

*It should be pointed out, however, that Doctor Babbitt derives his doctrine that the ethical will takes primacy over the intellect, from oriental sources.

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man's beliefs about the world in which he lives and his beliefs about the values and purposes that should direct his conduct is the deepest problem of modern life," writes Doctor Dewey. Our quarrel is with the method by which Humanist values are derived. Since this is our objection to them it would be pointless to engage in an extended debate over the particular values to which Humanists give allegiance. For it is impossible to accept them on the Humanist say-so, since they were arrived at by a method which is open to the condemnation of being unscientific. Humanistic values, indeed, cannot be regarded as ends in themselves. They are rather data to be used in arriving at valid values. ". . . the conclusions of prior knowledge are the *instruments* of new inquiries, not the norm which determines their validity."

Values, to present a definition, are "whatever is taken to have rightful authority in the direction of conduct." To be useful they cannot be prohibitions against certain ways of living, nor can they be idle hortatory injunctions in favor of certain modes of conduct. They, above all, cannot rely for their authority upon an alleged agreement with a hypothetic antecedent reality.

It is utterly idle, as the Humanists do, to think that one can transfer the values of one social congelation, imperfectly apprehended through literature, to another social congelation and expect them to be absolutely relevant. We must reach a more fundamental basis for the construction of values than this. Agreeing with the Humanists that it is impossible to accept values imposed by external authority or divine revelation, we must go a step beyond the Humanists and demand that the values to which allegiance is finally to be given, be arrived at according to the scientific method in co-operation with true æsthetic appreciation.

Admittedly we are here advocating the use of the scientific method in a field where it has been least active and consequently least successful. Furthermore, little has been done in the field of æsthetics of conduct in relation to scientific findings, though Havelock Ellis has done notable pioneering. The disparity between the knowledge we possess about the physical world and that which we have about man and society is what gives the Humanists their chance. Since our scientists have been, by the nature of the society in which they have worked, more inclined to develop those phases of knowledge which can be used in their applied aspects for the pecuniary aggrandizement of individuals, the other phases have been neglected. At the present time, however, we are witnessing a progression from the physical to the social sciences. To be sure a great deal of what is called social science to-day seems grotesque and may eventually prove to be worthless, but since science is a progressive development, that is not reason to reject its findings altogether. Furthermore science in the social realm can never, in all probability, be so exact—the control can never be so perfect—as in the physical realm. The imponderables are more in number and less easy to control.

Nevertheless, if we are to have values which are to have any reasonable finality for living, they must be the product of the application of the scientific technic. In arriving at scientifically approvable values past formulations will serve as data. Not only will the scientists utilize the Humanist formulation as a tool, but they will also be prepared to use religiously supported values, those cultivated by sophisticates as well as rustics, and indeed any values, in the same fash-

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ion. What the final formulation will be no man can say. It is sufficient to observe that the values which science will approve will not be in contradiction to the natural constitution of man and allegiance to them will not be predicated upon any metaphysical free will nor upon any recognition of the unprovable allegation that there is one law for nature and another for man.

III

But really it is a perversion of literature to make it a source and support for moral dogmas. Humanism is based upon a fundamental misapprehension of the purpose of literature. Literature is not a source of moral precepts; nor a source of a pseudo-religious discipline; it is a phase of experience. It is not the whole of experience, but one aspect of it. For any complete life-experience it is indispensable, because in literature we have a most satisfactory technic for clarifying and organizing the meanings of life. Literature (and all art) concentrates experience. Literature suggests, realizes and embodies meanings. It has this quality in common with the other arts—painting, sculpture, music. The right use of literature will assist us in "clarifying further perceptions and enjoyments." In this approach to art "appreciation is the intelligent apprehension of what is significant and meaningful in a picture or a poem in pictorial and poetical terms, what emotions are relevant to that æsthetic impression, what light or meaning it throws over other experiences including those not popularly regarded as æsthetic."* In this sense literature is knowledge—in a broad sense scientific knowledge. "Anything that may be called knowledge," says Dewey, "or a known object, marks a question answered, a difficulty disposed of, a confusion cleared up, an inconsistency reduced to coherence, a perplexity mastered." And "taste . . . is the outcome of experience brought cumulatively to bear on the intelligent appreciation of the real worth of likings and enjoyments."

This conception of the purpose and use of literature relieves it of the impossible burden of supporting a quest for certainty on the basis of a discredited theory of knowledge. It places it squarely where it belongs in the total life of a person, none of whose attributes have been stunted in their growth by the urgent demands of modern life. For better or worse, mankind is committed to the experimental programme. It is the height of idleness to demand, as one Humanist (G. R. Elliott) recently did, that poetry return to the moral scheme of Milton in order to acquire a humanistic "centrality." Milton's art represents a brilliant æsthetic and moral synthesis of a world that is dead beyond recall. His "Paradise Lost," says A. N. Whitehead, is "the swansong of a passing world of untroubled certitude." From certitude in this sense to orthodoxy to tyranny, the progression is inevitable. For those of us who have given allegiance to science "certitude . . . consists . . . in nothing more nor less than high degree of relative probability." Such a conception allows for endless development in a changing world. It allows us to use whatever technics we may master to clarify and deepen our understanding of life as men live it.

IV

The remedy for the present situation is not less science but more science. The extension of the experimental technic

*Irwin Edman, *A Philosophy of Experience as a Philosophy of Art*, in "Essays in Honor of John Dewey."

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into the human and social realms is bound to be the most fruitful adventure of modern times. But it must be clearly understood that we have as yet no way of measuring what will be the effect of a general adoption of a scientific attitude by those with influence upon society. It is not now a part of the equipment of any group except an infinitesimal and usually uninfluential minority. Even those men who have mastered the scientific attitude as applied to some special branch of knowledge—for example, physics—frequently betray in other fields the fact that they are not completely scientific. What we need is not more courses in science in the universities, but a greater effort to get the scientific *attitude* firmly planted in the minds of those who subject themselves to higher education. Though certain "philanderers upon the outskirts of knowledge" are now engaged in a revival of the old disparagement of science, they direct their criticism at courses about science. We, let it be admitted at once, do not need more courses of this sort, but if in some way the essentials of the scientific attitude could be freely communicated it would be a marked advance. ". . . science," writes Doctor Dewey, "has been taught too much as an accumulation of ready-made material with which students are to be made familiar, not enough as a method of thinking, an attitude of mind, after the pattern which mental habits are to be transformed."*

Even if the courses in science as now conducted are continued there are several common errors that can be corrected. Doctor Foerster states that "In its true function, science is merely descriptive." Nothing could be more inadequate as a definition of the "true function" of science. Charles Singer, a leading authority on the history of science, has written: "Nor is the advance of science to be measured by the vast accumulation of observations but by the degree to which these observations are brought under general laws. The function of science, we must repeat, is to classify, which is simply and intimately to unify." Science is, in its essence, an art of control. If it was "merely descriptive" it could control nothing. When such misapprehensions of what science actually is and does prevail with a man who presumes to define the place of science in the intellectual scheme, it is no wonder that J. B. S. Haldane can exclaim in despair that "There has been a complete failure to integrate into its [society's] intellectual structure the scientific ideas which have furnished its material structure." The prevailing intellectual dilemmas can mostly be traced to the failure of this integration. When the integration is accomplished it will not mean the triumph of what old-fashioned sentimentalists call materialism. It will mean that mankind will in some sense gain possession of the intellectual heritage which is rightfully its own.

*This same position has been taken by other distinguished proponents of the scientific attitude, *e. g.*, Bertrand Russell, the essay *The Place of Science in a Liberal Education,* in "Mysticism and Logic." And the English biologist J. B. S. Haldane writing in *The Realist.* Also Charles Singer in *The Realist.*

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Atmosphere of New York—
and a Beau Geste to Love

Gesture

BY FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

THAT would have to do. It wasn't very sparkling, but then how could you write sparkling stuff when you were tired half to death? Wearily she took the paper out of her typewriter. "Reconsidered First Nights." There seemed to be so many of them when you bunched them together like this. Life was getting to be just one first night after another. There had been a time when she had been awfully thrilled at covering a *première*. Bob had been City Editor then. After the edition had gone to press they would go out together and get sandwiches and coffee at some little all-night stand. They would talk glitteringly about their careers, his and hers. Well, they had both made the grade. He was now a successful publisher, and what Mary Weatherell said about a play was important to producers; she influenced the box-office. But it was no longer important to her.

She put her hand to her side as she leaned over to get a Manila envelope from the lower drawer. The pain was bad to-day. She really ought to see about it, go to a doctor or something. But she hated to take the time. If there were any spare minutes she wanted to use them on her novel. She looked down at the manuscript folder as it lay on a shelf under the desk. It was thick with dust. She hadn't touched it for weeks. If only she weren't always so tired. It was a pity when she had so much stunning material. Ten years of Broadway. The things that went on back stage; the things that went on in producers' offices. Men. She knew men. And women. She knew one woman. Bob's wife.

No use going back over all that now. What was, was. And that was all there was to it. She addressed the manuscript to the editor who had commissioned this "Reconsidered First Nights." He would be disappointed with it. He had particularly asked that she be witty. And she hadn't been able to manage it. Words had gone stale on her tongue. They tasted like sawdust. He would probably get Billy Chase to put in two or three "wise cracks." Once that would have hurt her pride. She had always maintained that Billy had no wit, just a low comedy line. To-day she didn't care. Wit seemed to have gone completely out of the world, if indeed there had ever been any in it.

She looked dully at the letters she had brought home from the office to answer. The same old thing. What did she think of Shakespeare? What did she think of Shaw? What did she think of . . . Oh, hell! She threw the whole bunch into the wastepaper basket, knowing that later she would conscientiously fish them out and answer every last one. She lean-

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ed back and closed her eyes. There was one letter she had to answer. It was from a producer who had a first night only three days off. He had written to tell her how much he appreciated the influence her intelligent criticism was having on American drama. Would she accept the enclosed check as a little testimonial of his appreciation? Her hand rested on the Florentine letter-book in which she kept her bills. It bulged under her fingers. She remembered how, when she and Bob had been new at the game, a famous dramatic critic, a lady, had died. Her effects had been auctioned off, and grimly Bob had read the list: ermine wraps, first editions, antiques, rare furnishings, objects of art.

"Lord!" he said, "and her salary was five thousand a year and she was as ugly as a drum. This game can be the finest thing on earth—or the rottenest. For Heaven's sake, Mary, when you get to the top, hang on to a *few* ideals, will you?"

She reached for some paper and wrote a note to the producer returning the check.

The pain stabbed her again, making her a little faint. Fear had kept her from a doctor. But now the pain itself was a growing fear. Going to the doctor's might be a relief. He would say: "It's just this," or "It's just that," and tell her in a casual way to take a little medicine. "Here, I'll give you a prescription." She would have it filled at the drug-store on the corner and in a few days the pain would be gone. It all seemed so simple she was sorry she hadn't done it long ago. Having no family, she had no family doctor, but she knew the name of an eminent specialist. She would try him. Her hand trembled a little as she held the receiver, waiting for the connection. It often does that when you lean too heavily on certain nerves, she thought. She shifted her weight, and pretended not to notice that her hand still trembled.

The doctor's secretary was very crisp. The sort of nurse who starches her voice with her uniform. Doctor Lansing was all dated up for two weeks, but any time after that . . .

"But I want to see him to-day," Mary interrupted.

"I am afraid that is quite impossible. The doctor is operating this morning, and every minute this afternoon is arranged for."

Mary drew in her breath sharply. Now that she had made up her mind she couldn't bear to wait another day for the relief he simply must give her. Fear was creeping over her with its strange paralysis. The nurse sensed her distress. She said reluctantly:

"Of course Doctor Lansing always keeps one half-hour open for any very urgent case. I don't suppose . . ."

"This is very urgent," Mary said, breathing hard.

"All right then." The nurse was still unconvinced of the wisdom of giving this strange woman, who hadn't even been sent by any doctor, the specialist's most precious half-hour. It was absurd, her calling up like this and demanding to see the doctor on the instant. No. She hadn't any right to let her come. But Mary's voice was asking: "What time, please?" and the nurse found herself saying: "Four-thirty. What is the name?"

Mary put up the telephone and drew a deep breath. She had the appointment. Perhaps she shouldn't have forced it. When she got there and Doctor Lansing found a perfectly healthy individual, he was going to be furious. Well, it couldn't be helped now. The momentary relief which the making of the appointment had given her began to ebb. Suddenly

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she felt very frightened. And alone. The paralysis was creeping over her again. Her mind sought a way of escape. Something so extraordinary and exciting that she would be quite lifted out of herself. Bob. She hadn't seen him in four years. At least not to talk to. They met occasionally at literary affairs, but since he had gone into the publishing business, he didn't see as much of the old newspaper crowd as formerly. With sudden decision she looked up his number. Then she hesitated. If she ate her lunch first, probably she wouldn't call him up at all. There she was being cautious again. All her life she had eaten her lunch first. She called the number. Luck was kind. He was in. He was very cordial when he found out who it was, but there was no denying that he was surprised. Desperately she said:

"Bob, can you take me to tea this afternoon?"

"This afternoon?" Plainly he had visions of important authors with empire-rocking manuscripts under their arms milling about in his waiting-room. But his voice dismissed them all with a good-natured "Oh, I guess we can manage that. Where shall it be?"

"I have an appointment at 61st Street at four-thirty."

"Then suppose we say the Plaza at five?"

"Splendid," Mary laughed. "58th Street side."

She put up the telephone happily. The doctor's would be easy now. She dressed carefully, persuading herself that it was because she thought, if she looked nice, Doctor Lansing wouldn't be so cross at her for taking his time away from desperately sick patients.

It turned out he wasn't cross at all. He was very kind and courteous. He listened quietly to her symptoms and felt the side where the pain was. Then he said:

"Of course we really can't tell anything, Miss Weatherell, until we have an X-ray made. But that won't be difficult. You'll have to go into the hospital for a day or so and eat a bismuth breakfast, that's all. When is the most convenient time for you? I think we ought to do it as soon as possible and get it off our minds. How would Tuesday do? Good. Then I'll call up the hospital and make the arrangements. I ought to have the report by Wednesday. You can drop in then for the diagnosis. Same time."

She was graciously dismissed. In the outer office the secretary stopped her.

"Who is your nearest living relative, Miss Weatherell?"

Mary looked startled. The nurse laughed.

"It does sound dreadfully lugubrious, doesn't it? But the doctor insists on it ever since a woman died in his office and we didn't know whom to notify. That wouldn't happen again in a thousand years, but we keep the item on the cards just the same."

"But I haven't any relatives," Mary said. "I am quite alone."

"In that case you might give us the name of a close friend."

Mary hesitated. She had so many friends. While she was considering which one to give, she found herself saying:

"Mr. Robert Orr, 247 Park Avenue."

"It's just a matter of form," the nurse said, filling in the blank space on the card.

That was a crazy thing to do, Mary thought to herself as she reached the street. She had a sudden picture of Bob's wife, Elise, being called to the phone and taking the message that a lady had died under the surgeon's knife—they always put it in that dramatic way—and would her husband please come for the body. Mary laughed. She was feeling all

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happy again. Sickness and death seemed such remote contingencies out here in the gay stir of Fifth Avenue. Unthinkable things. And Doctor Lansing had been so casual and reassuring. To be sure he hadn't said: "Take this medicine and the pain will be all right." And he had insisted on an X-ray. But that was merely a matter of form, like the filling in of the card. No doctor liked to diagnose nowadays without X-rays. But she could tell by his manner that he didn't think there was a thing the matter with her. And wasn't she on her way to meet Bob?

The clock on the Central Union Trust Company said three minutes after five. Traffic was against her and she had to wait two more minutes before she could cross Fifth Avenue. Impatient minutes. She went around to the 58th Street entrance. Bob was already there. Not like the old reporting days when he was always rushing around dishevelled and late. He was a punctilious publisher now, the well-dressed, urbane sort who had so awed them then. He seemed very glad to see her. When he smiled she had a sensation of checking her worries at the door. She slid easily into this atmosphere of lights and flowers and tea music.

"What have you got up your sleeve, Mary?" Bob wanted to know while they were waiting for their tea. "It's a long while since I've been singled out by the distinguished Miss Weatherell. Are you going to tell me that the novel is finished at last?"

Mary shook her head.

"Well, I must say you're darn slow about it. Remember it was to have been on our first Spring List, and that's four years ago."

"I know, but ladies must live, Bob."

"And wear lovely clothes," he added with a complimentary smile.

"But I'm going to settle down to it now, really. I've given up doing syndicate stuff and I'll have more time. As to why I called you up . . . Must I have a reason? Because I'm afraid I haven't. Just a whim, or you might say a throwback to the days of my childhood. Whenever we had to come into town for the dentist's or the doctor's, father always took us to lunch at the old Holland House or the Grand Union, and we used to be so excited over that that we never minded having our teeth pulled or our tonsils taken out or anything. Well, today I was going to the doctor's, so I thought I'd give myself a treat."

"Oh, I see. I'm a substitute for the Holland House and the Grand Union. A sort of departed glory."

"Exactly."

"But seriously, you aren't ill, are you? You look exceptionally well to me."

"Oh, I'm fine. Only I had a crazy pain in my side, and I thought I'd find out about it."

"And did you?"

"Well, the doctor wants me to have an X-ray taken. He says that's the only way to tell. But I could see by his manner that he didn't think it was anything. It was a great relief."

"When does he give you the final diagnosis?"

"On Wednesday."

"And am I to be the substitute for the party then?"

"You *are* the party, Bob."

"That's nice of you. But I'm afraid I can't make it Wednesday. I've got a meeting on. Shall we say Thursday at the same time and the same place?"

Mary nodded. There was a little pause. She was trying not to ask a question, or at least she was trying to ask it so that it would sound casual. In the end it was a little too casual.

"How is Elise?"

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Bob laughed.

"Didn't you know? She's left me."

"Oh, Bob! No!"

"Yes. She got fed up with me and cleared out."

"I can't believe that."

"Which? That she got fed up with me? Or that she cleared out?"

"The first."

"Well, it's unflattering but true."

Mary sat back, remembering.

"What are you thinking of, Mary? The first night of 'Morning Glory'?"

"Yes."

"That was a blaze. I always remember it was your press tickets that did it."

"I always remember that, too," she said. "My tickets and the fact that Bill Chase insisted on dragging us back stage after the second act so that I could get extra copy."

"Elise certainly looked marvellous that night."

"Yes," Mary said unstintingly. "She did."

"And I went off like a fire-cracker."

"You most certainly did."

"Sometimes I've thought of those days, Mary, and I've had a feeling, not exactly of guilt, but of regret. We'd been, well, such friends up till then. But that Elise business was so—what shall I call it?—cataclysmic, that it swamped everything. And you were such a brick through it all."

"And now she's left you! And you still care about her, don't you, Bob?"

She held her breath, waiting for the answer.

"No, I don't, Mary. It's hard to believe, but it's just as dead as a dead fire. It wasn't the real thing."

"What will you do now, Bob?"

"Get married again, perhaps. After Elise gets the divorce."

"Do you think you would know the real thing now?"

He smiled into her eyes. He was very happy these days, and the happiness was apt to spill over and include people too comprehensively.

"Yes," he said, "I think I do. An experience like mine would sour most people on marriage. But to me it *was* an experience. It's helped me to know the real thing. Marriage has a way of doing that—tardily. You should have married, Mary."

"Should I?"

"How was it you didn't marry Sterling Squires? I've heard he'd do anything for you short of the head of St. John the Baptist on a silver platter."

Mary laughed. "I just sent off an article to him this afternoon."

"You're evading, Mary. I asked why you didn't marry him."

"That's easy. I happened not to be in love with him."

"You weren't in love with anybody else, were you, Mary?"

She tamped out her cigarette carefully.

"You're talking nonsense, Bob, and it's getting frightfully late. The tea crowd has completely evaporated."

He glanced at his watch quickly. She noticed his expression of concern as he signalled the waiter to bring the check.

"You can just put me in a taxicab," she said as they walked through the lobby.

"No such thing. In the rôle of father providing distraction I insist on seeing you safely home."

She had to give the address. It hurt a little.

At the door she said: "Won't you come in?"

"I wish I could. Unfortunately, I have a dinner engagement. Otherwise . . ."

Her happiness was suddenly a pricked balloon. This tea-party which had seemed so marvellous when she was setting out, now seemed a very little thing. Piti-

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ably inadequate. An hour and a quarter out of four years! But he smiled at her. Again that dazzling smile. She didn't know it was for the dinner engagement and not for her. "Thursday, then?" It came over her in a rush that the world had changed, that Bob was no longer married, that there was no longer any reason why they shouldn't see each other any time. When he had gone she pulled the manuscript of the novel from her desk and set feverishly to work upon it.

The bismuth-and-buttermilk breakfast proved to be much worse than Doctor Lansing had presented it. Buttermilk Mary loathed at best, but mixed with what seemed to be concrete and offered in endless quantities, it was impossible. Besides, it was horrible to have to come into a hospital in perfectly good health and climb into a white iron bed and surrender yourself to a clinical atmosphere. Thank goodness it was only for a day or two. She felt sorry for the really sick people who had to stay. It was wonderful to know that in twenty-four hours you could get dressed and walk jauntily out. She loved to hear the nurse say: "Oh, no, she's not sick at all. Just in for diagnosis." And when it was all over, she would see Bob again. And he wasn't married any more.

On Wednesday she was quite radiant when she went in to Doctor Lansing.

"How is the pain?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, not so bad."

"You've had it some time, haven't you?"

"Yes, for a good many months, off and on."

"And you never went to see a doctor?"

"I was waiting for it to get really bad. I like to stand things as long as I can."

"That's a dangerous practice," Doctor Lansing commented gravely. Then as he saw sudden alarm come into Mary's face, he added: "In general, I mean. But I wouldn't worry too much about this pain, if I were you, Miss Weatherell. Just go along as usual and get as much rest and fresh air as you can."

"Oughtn't I take some medicine?"

"Yes," he said, "I'll give you a prescription." He drew over a prescription pad and hesitated. "Ever taken any drugs, Miss Weatherell?"

"Drugs?"

"Yes, opiates? Things to put you to sleep."

"Oh, no. I never have any difficulty about going to sleep, at least not until just lately. I've always been so horribly healthy. Keeping awake would be more to the point, but coffee does me beautifully for that."

"I just wondered. Some people have preferences. One likes one thing, and one another. There you are, my dear. You needn't take this unless the pain gets particularly bad. Everything's all right, and you're not to worry."

He patted her hand as he put the prescription into it. Sudden tears blinded her. Tears of relief, perhaps. Or was it that he was so unutterably kind? She shook hands with him gratefully and hurried away. She walked back to the apartment in a transport of happiness. She was all right. The pain was nothing. She could start to work with a free heart. To-morrow she would see Bob. A new life.

Back in his office Doctor Lansing was looking intently at the X-ray pictures. He sighed and shoved them to one side.

"Miss Thomas," he called.

"Yes, Doctor Lansing."

"Can you let me have Miss Weatherell's card?"

She brought the card. He looked at it.

"Is this Mr. Robert Orr of 247 Park Avenue her nearest relative?" he wanted to know.

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"She hasn't any relatives, doctor. I believe he is a close friend."

"All right. Get his office on the phone."

On Thursday it was Bob who called on Doctor Lansing before the tea-party. Doctor Lansing offered him a cigarette.

"I suppose Miss Weatherell told you that she had consulted me," he began.

"Yes," Bob said, "she did."

"Well, I thought before I told her the truth I'd consult you. I understand you are a close friend of hers. It's a pretty stiff blow to deal out to any one and I thought it might be easier for her if it came gradually, and from a friend rather than from a stranger."

Bob looked at him, alarmed.

"You mean to say there's something serious the matter with her?"

"Carcinoma."

"What?"

"Cancer. An inoperable case. It's gained frightful headway. She should have gone to a doctor long ago. Now it's just a matter of time."

Bob felt the blood draining from his face.

"Mary?" he said unbelievingly, *"Mary?"*

"I'll leave it to you whether she is to be told or not. You can do just as you see fit. Eventually, she will have to know. But it might be kinder not to tell her just yet. She seemed to be in wonderful spirits when she was in here yesterday. It's surprising that she can be so happy when she is as sick as she is. She seems to have some special source of vitality, whatever it is. She isn't in love, is she?"

"Not that I know of."

"I just wondered. She struck me as a person who might be. Well, that makes it simpler. You're not in love with her, either, I suppose? Forgive the question, but one likes to feel as little like an executioner as possible in telling a thing of this sort. It is a relief to know that the person to whom you are telling it is not too emotionally involved."

"We're just awfully good friends," Bob answered. "Once, perhaps, we fancied ourselves in love, but that was before I got married."

"I see. Well, evidently you are the person whom she trusts most because she gave us your name to notify in case of an emergency. She is going to suffer a lot presently. It's just a question of taking opiates to ease the pain. One of these days she may find she has had enough of it and fix things so she won't wake up. They often do. Her heart would be her best bet . . . if God were good. It isn't any too strong. Well, I gave her a prescription for morphine. That's habit-forming, of course. I might have started her off on something lighter, verinol, perhaps, or something of that sort, but I think in the end a habit-forming drug is kinder. She isn't used to taking anything and she may have to be forced to it. She looks like the sort of person who can stand a lot without whimpering."

"She *is* that sort of person," Bob said. "If you had told her the truth she would have taken it without batting an eyelash. Just the same I'm glad you didn't tell her. I . . . want to save her as much as I can."

"It won't be more than a year, at the latest," the doctor said. "Oh, and I meant to tell her that she ought to take that morphine by hypo. It's apt to cause nausea taken by mouth."

Bob rose. "Thank you for sending for me, doctor," he said gravely. "I don't seem to be able to say anything intelligent. I'm just stunned."

"It's a great pity," Doctor Lansing said. "She's an exquisite creature. I don't know when a report has affected me so deeply."

Fifth Avenue was as gay and as irre-

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sponsible as ever. To Bob there was something macabre about it, people dancing on the thin crater of this thing called death which was beneath everything. . . . Under the wheels of the vehicles, under the dizzy steel shells of new buildings, under the germ-eaten skins of these people who were rushing so madly after clothes, or pleasure, or business. God! The incredible callousness of it!

The clock on the Central Union Trust Company said three minutes after five. Bob was glad when the traffic signals changed and he was delayed a few minutes longer. In all his life he had never had to face a more ghastly thing than this tea-party.

Mary was, as Doctor Lansing had said, in marvellous spirits. She looked very lovely, but to Bob, with this new knowledge of his, her slenderness took on a different significance. She was much too fragile-looking.

"How are you?" he asked, trying to make his tone light and hoping that she wouldn't notice that he hadn't been any too successful. "Are we celebrating, or drowning sorrow?"

"Oh, celebrating," she answered gaily. "I'm fine."

"I'm awfully glad to hear that. Let's go right in to tea."

At tea she chattered on about the novel; Bob was thankful for that. There was a queer constriction in his throat which made it almost impossible for him to talk. She said the novel was going beautifully and if he would come around some evening she would read him the first chapters.

"Why not now?" he asked suddenly. If he didn't get away from this gay atmosphere and this throbbing sentimental tea music, he would go mad. "Got anything to drink?"

"Some Scotch," she said, terribly glad that he was going home with her.

"Excellent. Let's go."

When they got to the apartment he didn't ask immediately to see the manuscript. Instead he let her talk about it, outlining her plans for it, explaining effects she wanted to get. And all the time he smoked and looked about the room which she called her workshop. The fireplace, the desk, with its built-in compartment for the typewriter and all the carefully planned manuscript drawers. This room had witnessed all her effort. That desk with its manuscripts stood for her career. Now the account was almost closed. And she stood there laughing and mixing high-balls. His throat tightened. And suddenly the years dropped away. He felt as he had felt when first they had been on *The Standard* together.

She brought the drinks on a tray and sat down beside him.

"What shall we drink to?"

"The past, the present, and the future," she said gaily.

"No," he said gravely. "Let's just make it the present."

They drank to the present.

"But the old days weren't so bad either," Bob said.

"No," she agreed. "Some of them weren't so bad."

"Which ones?" he persisted.

"Oh, I don't know exactly which. All of them, I guess."

"But you didn't say all of them. You said some of them. Let's be specific, Mary. Suppose you could live part of the last ten years of your life over again. Which part would you take?"

"Don't be silly, Bob. Have some more Scotch in that."

"I feel like being silly. Please tell me, Mary."

She looked at him, weighing his mood. Was he, perhaps, eager for a little flattery, or would the answer really mean something to him? His eyes were very

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serious, deep and dark. The deep, dark look decided her.

"I'd take the days when we were together on *The Standard,*" she answered simply.

His eyes seemed to plunge into hers, from which the mask she had worn so long had slipped away. A taut thin wire was tightening about his throat. He reached over and took her hand. For a little while there seemed to be nothing to say. And then:

"If I had only done things differently, Mary. I was terribly blind not to see it for what it was."

"But that's all over now, isn't it?" She looked at him, her face alight. "You'll be free again in a year, won't you, Bob?"

"Yes," he said bitterly. "In a year." He could hear Doctor Lansing's voice saying: "A year at the latest." The dreadful irony of it! "Mary," he said desperately, "a year is a long time. What about now? I hate to think of you being alone, without any one to take care of you."

"Foolish!" she laughed. "I've been alone for years."

"I know, but it's different now."

"How different?" Something in his voice had startled her.

"Well, now that Elise is out of the picture," he said more guardedly. "And now that we know how we feel about each other," he added gently. "It's not a thing to do lightly, but there seems to be no other way. Does it mean that much to you, Mary?"

"Yes," she said.

He leaned over and drew her close. His throat tightened unbearably as he kissed her.

The next day he said to his secretary: "Ask Miss Turner to come here, will you, Miss Stires?"

Miss Turner had charge of the illustrations. She came questioningly. Bob waited until Miss Stires had gone back to her room. Then he closed the door.

"Sit down a moment, will you, Gyp?"

"What's up?" she wanted to know. "And I thought it was an unbreakable rule of yours, Mr. Orr, never to close your door during office hours."

"It is. But this is important—and confidential."

"Couldn't it wait until lunch?"

"No, it couldn't. And I don't know if there's going to be any lunch."

"Oh, don't you?" She was all ready for teasing, but suddenly she saw he was serious.

"How big are you, Gyp?" he asked.

"About so," she said, measuring the distance between thumb and forefinger.

"Well, I'm going to tell you a story."

She listened gravely while he told it.

"What do you think?" he asked when he had finished. "It's up to you, Gyp."

She held her hands tightly clasped around her knees, her head thrown back. The shining tips of her nails bit into her knuckles. She said:

"It's O. K. with me, Bob."

He looked at her intently. "You're sure it won't make any difference . . . later?"

"Nothing could make any difference . . . ever."

"Then I guess the less we see of each other the better."

"I guess so," Gyp said. "And by the way, have you looked at those drawings for the jacket of the Coatsworth book? Personally, I think they're frightful. I don't know what's got into Jimmie."

"Tell him to have another try," Bob advised.

"All right," Gyp said and went out.

Now it was February . . . March . . . April. Shining months for Mary. If she suffered any pain, she never said anything about it to Bob. He watched her carefully, watched the blue veins become more indelibly outlined on her white hands, watched her as daily she became

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more frail. She worked deliriously, not only on the novel but on special articles, which were designed to affect the Florentine letter-book. It became thinner and thinner, like herself. Finally it was quite empty.

"You aren't going it too strenuously, are you, my dear?" Bob worried.

"Oh, no. I love it. You have no idea how you've bucked up my work, Bob. I'm afraid I was slipping terribly."

"Nonsense. But how is the novel getting along?" She had decided not to let him read it after all, not until it was as complete and as perfect as she could make it. "Fine," she said with shining eyes. "You don't suppose any one could feel as wonderful as I feel and not write something simply marvellous, do you, Bob?"

Alas, he had had a good deal of experience with writers who felt much more marvellous than they wrote, but he didn't tell Mary that. After all, Mary was a writer of a good many years' standing, and although she had never written a novel before, she had had plenty of practice in expressing her ideas. He was pretty confident that the book would be worth while.

But no matter how hard she worked during the day, she seemed never to be tired at night. They went everywhere together, theatres, revues, night clubs, and when she was with Bob she was always sparkling. Bob sometimes suspected that during the day she had her bad moments which she kept carefully concealed. Once when he had come in rather earlier than usual, he had found her leaning limply over the typewriter, her hand clutching her side, and great beads of perspiration standing out on her forehead. He took out his handkerchief and wiped them away. Her face was chalky white. She smiled at him gratefully.

"Just a little faintness," she said lightly. "I guess I've been working too steadily."

She bathed and dressed and went out to dinner with him, as gay as ever. But the next day Bob went to Doctor Lansing and got the X-ray pictures. He took them to a classmate of his who had become an eminent surgeon. The friend only shook his head.

"It's quite hopeless, old man. Just help her to find the easiest way out."

One night he woke up to hear sounds in the living-room. He found her writhing about on the divan, clinching the pillows to keep from crying out. In the medicine-cabinet he found Doctor Lansing's prescription, still untouched. The hypodermic set was beside it. He boiled up the needle on the Sterno and dissolved one of the tablets in a spoon. During the war he had been in the ambulance corps and had learned to give hypos. She took it unresistingly and let him carry her back to bed. After that he would sometimes notice the sharp, new prick of the needle in the white flesh of her arm. Or he would notice that the pupils of her eyes were shrunken to pinpoints. That was his only way of telling which were her bad days. She always insisted she was too happy to notice pain. And she was bound that nothing should spoil their idyl.

Presently, however, she went back to Doctor Lansing.

"Is the pain any better?" he asked.

"Sometimes it's pretty bad," she confessed. "And I've been wondering . . . Are you sure it's all right, doctor? Are you sure there's not something serious the matter?"

He patted her hand. "Now don't you go worrying, my dear. Everything is going to be all right. The less worrying you do, the better it will be for the pain."

He put his stethoscope on her chest and listened to her heart.

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"Sometimes you feel a little breathless, don't you, a little fluttery?"

"Yes, sometimes," she said.

"Well, I shouldn't worry about that, either. It will be all right, my dear."

But she went home, vaguely uneasy.

When the summer came Bob wanted her to go away to the mountains or the seashore, but she couldn't be persuaded to leave him, although the heat was telling on her badly.

One night at one of the roofs where they had gone to get cool, they ran into Billy Chase. With him was Gyp. He insisted on rushing over and making the party a foursome, in spite of Bob's cold looks. Billy was quite beyond the point where he could be affected by cold looks. He had a summer show on Broadway, and as long as the show continued to run, just so long would he celebrate. To Mary he said:

"I thought maybe, Mary, since you steered Bob through his first romance so successfully, you'd like to help me patch up his second. He and Gyp here were engaged, if you can call it that when a man hasn't got his decree yet, and then in January they go and break if off cold. That throws Gyp back on my hands, and believe me she's a handful. That's why I'm so anxious to have them kiss and make up. Come on, Mary, see what you can do."

"Mary has to go home," Bob announced, rising. "She's tired and you're tipsy, Billy. You don't know what you're talking about. I think you'd better come along with us, too, Miss Turner."

"Oh, I can manage him," Gyp laughed. She turned to Mary. "He really is frightfully muddled, though. He's got this hallucination about estranged couples. We're only the third to-night that he has endeavored to straighten out. It would be awfully embarrassing, if he weren't so drunk. The truth of the matter is the poor boy is engaged to me himself, only he doesn't come up for air often enough to know it."

She smiled ingenuously at Mary and Mary smiled back.

In the taxi neither she nor Bob mentioned the episode. But later, when she was in bed, Mary began to think it all out, slowly, with a heavy heart. Instinctively she knew that the tipsy Bill Chase had spoken the sober truth. Her mind went back quickly. January, he had said. And January had been the time. . . . Suddenly all these months of happiness that had been building went down like a house of cards. Why had Bob done this? Why? Why?

She had to stop thinking then and lie very still while some cruel little boys with jack-knives tortured the entrails of a frog. She held very tightly to the sides of the bed and watched them, wondering when they would be through. At last they had enough of their sport and went away. Her hands dropped weakly from the sides of the bed. She brushed her hair back from her damp forehead. Now she could go on thinking. What was it she had wanted to know? Oh, yes. Why had Bob done this for her? And suddenly, clearly, she knew. As if the answer had been in the agony she had just gone through. As if for a long while it had been in everything, in the unutterable kindness of Doctor Lansing, in the heartbreaking devotion of Bob, in some soul-consciousness within herself which had urged her on feverishly to finish the novel; to pay off the old scores in the Florentine letter-book; to close the account. She had told herself that she was getting ready for a new life, hers and Bob's, which they could begin so very soon now. But somewhere within herself she had known that that wasn't true. Getting ready for a new life, perhaps, but not that one.

She raised her eyes to the window. It

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admitted a square of white moonlight which lay on the floor like a marble slab. This then was death. She had noticed lately that the cruel little boys took to their ghoulish sport more and more often. Presently there would come a day when they wouldn't leave off at all. And that would be the end. Somehow Bob had known this. And he had made this supreme gesture. He and the girl Gyp. They had done it out of pity. And Bob would have to look on and watch as she grew more drawn, more gray, more wracked. Bob with agony in his eyes. He couldn't turn and run away as she had run away that day in her childhood when she had come upon the small boys with the frog. Suddenly she felt as if she were one of the small boys with jack-knives. She must do something. She lay very still . . . thinking. . . .

And Bob lay very still. Thinking. . . . Thinking of the cruel mischance that had led them into Gyp and Billy Chase. Hoping with all his soul that Mary hadn't believed the drunken blundering idiot; thinking how remote Gyp had seemed, like something beautiful he had once known in some dim past; like something beautiful he might know again in some far future. And meanwhile the present was a bright web that he had spun for Mary; that nothing must be allowed to tarnish. He stole quietly to her door to see if she was asleep. But she saw his shadow on the wall.

"Come in, my dear. I didn't know you were still up."

"Shall I get some medicine for you? You don't seem to be able to rest."

"I've been thinking, Bob. Somehow everything seems so clear to me to-night, as clear as that white square of moonlight on the floor. You'll never have to tell me the truth now, Bob."

He took her hand tightly in his, but his eyes he turned away, knowing that in them was no denial, only unbearable misery. She tried to comfort him.

"I'm not afraid, Bob. Really. You've taken the fear out of it for me. If there is need of justification for what we've done, there's that."

"It is its own justification, Mary."

"And then there's the novel. I'm leaving that. Did you take it to Mr. Mallon to-day?"

He nodded silently, unable to speak.

"Bob"—her voice was very soft—"that little girl Gyp. She lied so gallantly. But I knew, my dear. I knew."

"Don't be foolish, Mary. Knew what?" But he didn't wait for her answer. "I mustn't let you lose your rest like this. I'll get the tablets."

"Three, Bob," she said. He was so infinitely kind. She mustn't keep on torturing him as the little boys kept on torturing the frog with jack-knives.

Bob looked at her sharply.

"I thought it was two, Mary."

"It . . . it was. But I increased the dose . . . just lately. . . ."

In a flash he, too, saw clearly, saw what she meant to do. An overwhelming emotion rose up within him. What is pity? What is love? He knelt beside the bed.

"Mary, my dear, you mustn't. Don't you see, you mustn't. Look at me. You say everything seems clear to you to-night. Then look at me."

She hardly dared to. Then at last she looked and saw.

Time, aware of rapture, went slowly, eking out the minutes, the seconds. It would be easy to die now, Mary thought; now while Bob looked at her like that; now while happiness beat in her breast like the fluttering of many wings; now before the small boys should come back with their jack-knives.

"I am so happy, Bob. I think I can go to sleep without any tablets. But it *was* two, Bob, not three."

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"I know, my dear, I know."

In her ears the fluttering of birds' wings was becoming like the roar of a deep river so that it drowned out his voice. But he had said: "My dear." She clung to his hand, holding it in both of hers, smiling at him. *"Le paradis,"* she said and closed her eyes.

Mallon came into Bob's office.

"Say, old man, about that novel you brought in a few weeks ago. Some of us have read it. The author is a protégée of yours or something, isn't she? I was just going to write her a note."

"You needn't bother," Bob said dully. "She's dead."

"No! Is that really true?" Mallon was shocked. For a brief moment. Then he added: "That makes it easier."

"Why?" Bob turned on him sharply. "Isn't the novel any good?"

"No," Mallon said. "There's nothing to it. It's the old Broadway stuff. Oh, accurate enough as far as that goes, but we all know it so well; it's no longer interesting. It's flat. As flat as hell."

When Mallon had gone Bob got up and closed the door.

"Mary," he said. "Mary."

Consider the Cauliflower

The Social Prestige of the Fight Racket

BY CHARLES W. WILCOX

Consider the cauliflower. He toils a few brief moments under the arc-lights, spins one of his own kind upon his ear, and for this not infrequently disappointing performance he collects a sum twice the salary of the President of the United States. He receives, it seems, vastly more consideration than he deserves. Millions of people pay millions of dollars to see him do his stuff: in small clubs and large clubs all over the country, in the open air at great stadiums and baseball grounds, where the powerful lights make a small spot of daylight in the blackness of night. Details of his training are read every day in every newspaper of the land; he is more photographed than Gloria Swanson, and more words are written about the fight itself, if it be a heavyweight-championship affair, than were written about the battle of Jutland. These fights are broadcast throughout the world by the graphic Mr. Graham McNamee, and forever perpetuated by the unerring eye of the camera.

The cauliflower industry flourishes.

How different all this from the days of Cribb and Belcher, Jackson, Gully, Mendoza and Molineaux, and all those dead-and-gone heroes whose Homeric combats were chronicled by Mr. Pierce Eagan. Then they fought for glory and a few guineas. The patrons and backers of these "milling-cones" were noblemen and gentlemen, "slap-up Corinthians,"

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and the ring was pitched out-of-doors on the downs, and surrounded by a motley crowd of all sorts and conditions of men, Bucks and Bloods, men of Fashion in the latest London cut. County squires, county bumpkins, cockneys, gypsies, Jews, thieves, pickpockets, the choicest collection of blackguards in the realm. Stout fellows with whips stood at the four corners of the ring and around the sides to keep the crowd back. Not always were they successful, for many a ring was rushed and many a fight stopped to save the betters their money. They do this differently to-day.

The First Gentleman of Europe ("Who's your fat friend?" said Mr. Brummel) was no great patron of the fancy; the sight of blood was too much for the royal stomach.

One wonders how those lusty sluggers of that lusty time would fare with the paler products of to-day. Not so badly perhaps. They trained on strong and wholesome ale and good solid food; denatured and devitalized food was unknown then, they ate no white sugar nor white flour, and the chances are that they were stronger and tougher than the fighters of to-day, if not so scientific and shifty. It's a vain speculation, but one can imagine Jack Sharkey having a bad half-hour with Tom Cribb, or Max Schmeling getting none the best of a bout with Gentleman Jackson.

Who goes to fights? Everybody from One-eyed Connolly to the Prince of Wales. Everybody is a fan—by the way, does not "fan" derive from the Corinthian "fancy"? Go to Madison Square Garden, which is more than a mile from Madison Square, and no garden at all, on a fight night, and you are apt to see most anybody—Charlie Chaplin, Texas Guinan, Father Duffy, Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jimmie Walker. He comes in about the third preliminary, and takes a ringside, and fights the fight all to himself, ducking with every blow and laying about viciously with his fists; he takes more punishment than most of the fighters. There is lovely Hope Hampton beside her distinguished-looking husband. She is always there and may be called the foremost female fan. William Muldoon; will any one who was there forget the night not so long ago when he came in behind bagpipes and drums, bearing jauntily the burden of his eighty-four years, and stepping like a buck in spring? An inspiring and magnificent spectacle.

The good seats close to the ring are not for the ordinary mortal. They go, like kissing and political plums, by favor, and no damned nonsense about merit. Here are mingled the élite of the upper and under worlds, millionaires and murderers; judges sit cheek by jowl with racketeers on bail, ladies high in society, and ladies lovely and well kept, but not so high. Heavy-jowled politicians looking not unlike the busts of Roman senators, gamblers galore, débutantes and their white-shirted escorts, Jack Dempsey and Jim Farley. The late Arnold Rothstein was wont to occupy one of these coveted seats. (His killer still does.)

You will get your seat from a speculator. It is impossible to get a good one at the box-office. The speculators—but this has been gone into elsewhere and to no avail. It may be on the floor back of the ringside seats where sit the Broadway Babbitt and the woman of his kind, or in the mezzanine with the leisure class, plumbers, plasterers, bricklayers, etc., or it may be in the balcony with the new poor. Not so bad these centre balcony seats; you look right down on the ring, and a pair of binoculars bring it right up to you. The end balcony is unreserved and is occupied by the thirty-third-de-

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gree fans. Most of the noise and all of the humor come from this section. For instance, one night a fighter came into the ring whose physical conformation was, well, rather matronly, a mincing voice addressed him as a "shameless hussy" and advised him to go home and put on his brassière. The loudest boos come from here, and sometimes showers of newspapers come cascading down, as they vent their disapproval of a bad decision—or a good one. A crowd is just as apt to be wrong as right—perhaps more so—there is no accounting for it; nobody knows anything about the psychology of crowds, least of all the psychologists. A fight crowd is sometimes fair and sportsmanlike; more frequently it is not. The crowd quite outdid itself a short while ago at the terrible fiasco between Phil Scott and Otto Von Porat. As the second round began, Von Porat, who had taken quite a shellacking in the first, palpably fouled Scott. It may or may not have been intentional, but Jack Dempsey, the referee, who ought to know better than any one else what a foul is, after a momentary hesitation disqualified Von Porat. Did the crowd show sympathy for Scott who lay in his corner writhing in agony? It did not. It booed him long and loud, and roundly cheered Von Porat, *who committed the foul,* as he left the ring.

Take the matter of decisions. Sometimes the man who has clearly won, leaves the ring the loser. Error of judgment perhaps, but there is a great deal of betting on fights.

You may see something dramatic and thrilling, or you may see something like the affair just mentioned, or the waltz between Jimmie McLarnin and Ray Miller the time those two heroes gyrated gracefully through ten rounds and made ugly faces at each other. Somebody has said that the customer takes the most punishment. Well, he's a glutton for it.

If you are lucky you will see something like the never-to-be-forgotten fight between Jack Sharkey and Mike McTigue. That was a fight! Hammer and tongs, all over the ring with Sharkey getting a beating, but fighting back gamely and viciously. The Garden in such an uproar that the bell could not be heard.

Those who sat around the ring that night came near beholding a miracle. Old Mike, nearly twenty years older, and twenty pounds lighter, beating the terrible Sharkey. But miracles do not happen.

"Then Pisander rushed at Menelaus, his evil destiny driving him to doom."

In the eighth round McTigue battered Sharkey to the ropes, and seemed a certain winner, when a blow from Sharkey's glove drove a pivot tooth through an artery, and though he fought gamely and held his own, he was losing so much blood that the referee was forced to stop the fight in the twelfth. His lucky star gave Sharkey the victory, but the glory was all McTigue's, and he left the ring with the cheers of the Garden ringing in his ears.

Then there was the night the long and lantern-jawed James J. Braddock thrilled a vast crowd by spilling Tuffy Griffiths in the resin. This Griffiths, according to his press agents—practically every sport writer on every paper, was a combination of John L. Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons, Peter Jackson, Sam Langford, and Samson; he was unbeaten, he was unbeatable; his left was the hammer of Thor, his right the thunderbolt of Zeus. The fans assembled there that night to see this superman annihilate the foolhardy Braddock, whom nobody gave even an outside chance. What they saw was a very ordinary-looking and

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not very agile youth thoroughly and effectively flattened in less than six minutes. They went home happy and satisfied.

In the old days there were no women at prize-fights. It was not done. Thirty-two years ago when James J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons fought their memorable battle for the championship at Carson City, Mrs. Fitzsimmons occupied a seat near Bob's corner and her voice rose high and shrill above the thousands of male voices there, imploring her husband to "Hit him in the slats, Bob!" Bob hit him in the slats, and Rose Fitzsimmons hit in the slats a time-honored tradition. Next day her presence was chronicled in every newspaper in the land, editorials were written about it, sermons were preached about it, and the country was going to hell. Since then women have gradually been swelling the ranks of the fans, till now they make up a large part of every fight crowd—and why not?

On the occasion of the second fight for the middleweight championship between the late Harry Greb and the late Tiger Flowers (they died, poor fellows, within a few months of each other), when the decision was awarded after a close and thrilling contest, and rightly so, to the dusky deacon, two ladies, warm partisans of Mr. Greb, rushed screaming down an aisle, and each grabbing a chair made violent assault upon the person of one of the reporters —if memory serves, it was Mr. W. O. McGeehan, dean of the sport writers—mistaking him for one of the judges. It took the combined efforts of six of the Garden variety of police to subdue them.

Once a fan always a fan. There is one born every minute, and no matter how often he gets stung, he always goes back for more. He can't keep away from the smell of the resin, and to him the greatest of all games is the game of the survival of the hittist.

One impecunious member of this fraternity, who is also an ardent devotee of the opera, had given several of his hard-earned dollars to a speculator for a mezzanine seat to the fight between Maxie Rosenbloom and James J. Braddock. Now some thoughtful friend sent him a ticket for "Die Rosenkavalier," which was to be sung the same night. He was in the position of Eugene Fields's ass placed between two bales of fragrant fodder. He wanted to hear the opera and he wanted to see the fight. Next day his friend met him on the street.

"How was 'Rosenkavalier'?" asked the friend.

"Didn't go to 'Rosenkavalier,'" he replied; "I went to Rosenbloom instead."

In the old days the fan got more of a run for his money, though the so-called sport was not so luxuriously housed as now, and was frowned upon by the officials, and he had frequently to repair by secret ways to the place of battle, which was an out-of-the-way road-house, a barge, or a deserted barn, or, maybe, far off in the woods. He saw fighters who were fighters: George Dixon, "The Little Chocolate"; Jack Dempsey, "The Nonpareil"; Griffo the unbeatable. This little man from Australia was in a class by himself, he was unique. Though there are several defeats against him in the record books, he was never beaten, but was gypped out of these decisions by crooks. No man could hit him, and until age took its inexorable toll he was invincible. About him there was something uncanny—a quickness and co-ordination of eye and hand that was unhuman. He would stand upon a handkerchief, and without moving his feet or using his hands, would evade lightning blows tossed at him from any

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angle. He could pick flies out of the air with his thumb and forefinger. We shall never see his like again. John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Peter Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Jack Johnson—there were giants in those days, and one of the above-mentioned six was the greatest fighter of all time. Make your own choice. What chance would the Sharkeys, Campolos, Von Porats, and Phil Scotts of to-day have against any one of them?

There was Kid McCoy, clever and tricky. There is none to-day to compare with him. How long would one of our mediocre middleweights or light-heavies last with Stanley Ketchell? About as long as a snowflake in hell. What lightweight now functioning could lay a glove upon the great Joe Gans? The answer to this is easy. Little Joe Walcott, five feet one, and weighing one hundred and forty-five pounds, could bowl over one after another the three best men now fighting—throw in Tunney for good measure.

But all this is neither here nor there; the present-day fan takes his palukas as he finds them, and they look bad only by comparison with the really great ones of the past. Jack Dempsey, a good second-rater, always gave them a thrill. No other fighter had so much of what is called color, whatever that is, glamour, magnetism, or what you will, no greater crowd-pleaser ever rubbed the soles of his shoes in the resin. Lithe as a panther, and ten times as savage, he started throwing punches with the bell and never stopped until his opponent was a helpless mass at his feet. Remember the Firpo fight? To those who saw that less than six minutes of drama, anything else will forever seem tame. Sent hurtling over the ropes, he scrambled back into the ring and knocked the giant Firpo cold. No words can describe the madness of that mob: twenty-five thousand men and women frantically insane—some of them haven't recovered yet. That was the high spot in all ring history, the most dramatic moment, and George Bellows in one of his lithographs has faithfully reproduced that moment and perpetuated it. The splendid, lean body of Dempsey in mid-air, and, glowering down, the huge bulk of Firpo with his mighty arm following through the swing. A great showman, this Dempsey. He had his moments. Another of them was when, in their second fight, he dropped the crafty Tunney. It is believed by many that had not a sympathetic referee allowed Tunney all the time he needed to recover, Dempsey would now be the champion.

Far and away the best of the present crop of heavyweights is Jack Sharkey. Who is there to beat him? Certainly not the overrated Schmeling. Phil Scott with all his speed and boxing skill might give him a tussle. Campolo? Well, hardly. Stribling he has already beaten, and Paulino Uzcudun has been rather thoroughly eliminated. George Godfrey might have a chance—but see him get it. It looks at this writing (January 6) as if the "Garrulous Gob" without an inferiority complex might wear the crown—but stay: over the heavyweight ranks looms the gigantic shadow of Primo Carnera. This Carnera, who comes from Italy, is six feet ten inches in height, and weighs about two hundred and eighty-five pounds on the hoof. Something more than a shadow, eh? But time will tell, and some one once observed: "The bigger they are the harder they fall."

Anyway, the fight racket will continue to flourish, the cauliflower will wax opulent, the promoter and the gambler will reap a golden harvest, and the fan will take it, as usual, on the chin.

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Does the character of our food affect our personality and behavior?

Nutrition and "Nerves"

BY JAMES A. TOBEY, DR. P. H.

So many environmental factors influence our emotional lives that one of the most important of them is usually overlooked. The fact that the character of our food may affect personality and behavior is seldom realized by the ordinary lay eater, and even scientists and physicians have devoted much more attention to the effects of the emotions on appetite and digestion than to the equally significant reverse relationship, that of nutrition on nerves.

A well-nourished individual is almost invariably distinguished by an excellent nervous system, a fact which has been demonstrated by controlled laboratory experiments and proved by competent clinical observations. Results from either of these methods alone might be fallacious, as has sometimes been the case, and deductions worthless. When, however, the laboratory and the clinic check and both are backed up by theoretical considerations, then we have an established and dependable phenomenon. Eating may be a science as well as an art.

When alimentary proclivities are so unscientific as to result in malnutrition, the afflicted frequently exhibit such nervous defects as irritability, fatigue, fear, depression, apathy, and, in extreme cases, even the delusions and obsessions of the psychasthenic. The intensity of all these conditions and symptoms will vary in different individuals, for food is by no means the only element, and seldom the controlling one, but this much is certain, that the continuous lack of an adequate, well-balanced diet nearly always results in producing individuals who are at first irritable and excitable but eventually dull and listless. The result of malnutrition is generally apathy rather than turbulence.

What is a well-nourished person or an asthenic, who is not, may be a nice question. Appearances are sometimes deceitful, although weight may be a definite indication. As a case report, consider Cassius, he of the lean and hungry look. There was a marantic, brooding thinker, who was headed for a distressing nervous breakdown. Fat Falstaff, on the other hand, though boisterous and of cheerful temperament, was also abnormal, what the doctors would call a hypopituitary type. Marked deviations from normal weight may indeed have a definite influence on the mental and emotional status of a person. Thus, the pronounced underweight individual is likely to be morose, suspicious, and intolerant, while the unduly corpulent citizen is generally good-humored, placid, and composed, though rarely if ever great. Adiposity seems seldom to be conducive to notable success in life and few if any fat persons have ever been permanently illustrious. Some noted figures have, of course, permitted themselves to become unduly obese after the attainment of fame, which may have been an

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indication of misplaced public confidence.

What is normal weight is often a fine question and one which is by no means answered by the so-called standard height and weight tables which various well-meaning but frequently deluded organizations flaunt before the public. The normal weights of children and adults depend upon physique in general and not merely upon a certain height in relation to age. The hips count as much as the height, for the body is a cylinder, or may be considered as such in this matter. Bodily measurements depend upon many factors, such as the sex, race, nationality, age, heredity, nutrition, and even the social status of the individual, and there will be a wide variation in normal weights for different persons of the same heights and ages. About the only sane and scientific way to determine normal weight is by means of a complete physical examination by a competent physician. Most people who want to reduce overlook this precaution.

The possession of normal weight aids the owner of it in avoiding some diseases in which mental symptoms may be present. A noted neurologist is authority for the statement that: "It is generally true that the person who keeps himself well up to a little above normal weight is less liable to have nervous or mental diseases and less liable to have the minor disturbing disorders of the mind." Weight is, obviously, governed to a considerable degree by the nature of the diet, although some abnormalities of weight may be due to malfunctioning of the glands of internal secretion. The operations of these endocrine glands are, moreover, regulated to a certain extent by the food we eat.

The amount of food needed to maintain normal weight varies, of course, according to the individual physical characteristics and the nature of the daily activities of the consumer. A workman performing heavy manual labor all day, as a few still do, will obviously need more food than will a sedentary office worker. The quantity of food is measured by means of the energy unit, the calorie, the name of which is derived from the French word meaning "heat." Every food has its calorie value, a pint of milk, for example, yielding about 340 calories.

The average person needs from 2,400 to 3,300 calories a day, depending upon his or her station in life. An unusual person, such as a hard-working day-laborer, will require more, from 4,000 to 6,000 calories, while an individual who has a legitimate right to reduce may be able to get along with as low as 1,500 to 1,800. There is an irreducible minimum below which it is dangerous to go, for the body must have at least a foundation of daily nutrition. In that perversion known as the Hollywood Diet, no cognizance is taken of this scientific fact, with the consequence that the undeniable loss of weight which might occur in the eighteen days of near-starvation would be accompanied by and, in fact, has actually been associated with, nervous troubles. A person with none too stable a nervous system would be certain to have his afflictions accentuated by such a deluded diet as this particularly moronic fare.

A well-balanced diet is one which supplies sufficient daily energy for the human machine, furnishes adequate material for the effective repair of bodily tissues, contains the minerals needed to build bones and to assist in other bodily processes, possesses fluids to act as solvents and regulators, and has an abundance of those elusive elements known as vitamins, which are essential to growth, strength, fertility, and a fa-

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vorable resistance to disease. Translated into its simplest terms, the well-balanced diet will result when the basis of the daily fare consists of milk, fruit, and green leafy vegetables, with the appetite supplying the remainder. The foods mentioned are the so-called protective foods, which make up for the deficiencies inherent in most other victuals. This is obviously no fancy formula, but an eminently practical one.

When a diet is lacking in some of the features necessary to put it into the category of a well-balanced one, trouble ensues. If, for example, any one or all of the vitamins are absent, deficiency diseases will occur. When vitamin A is low, growth stops, resistance to disease decreases, fertility is lost, and, finally, xerophthalmia, a dangerous eye disease, occurs. If one fraction of the vitamin formerly known as B, which is now realized to be at least twins and probably triplets, is not present, the disease called beri-beri results, while pellagra occurs in the absence of the other fraction, and growth is inhibited in the absence of either. Take away vitamin C and we get scurvy, remove vitamin D and rickets takes place. In some of the more severe cases of pellagra the mind may become so affected that institutional care of the patient is necessary, though as the late Doctor Joseph Goldberger pointed out, such cases are rare and the symptoms of this disease seldom go beyond extreme nervousness.

In these days of abundant food supplies, and of a wide dissemination of knowledge about nutritional principles, severe diseases due to avitaminosis or lack of vitamins are not so prevalent in this country as formerly. Epidemics of pellagra do occur from time to time in the Southern States, especially when there is economic stress, but scurvy is now rarely seen and beri-beri in severe form is confined to the Orient. Milder cases of these food deficiency diseases are, nevertheless, distressingly prevalent, and in their existence possibly lies the explanation for some of the milder forms of mental disturbance. Many of the so-called nervous breakdowns would probably yield more quickly to balanced diets plus good psychiatry than to trips to Bermuda or other exotic places.

Many persons, too many, seem to enjoy boasting about their nervous breakdowns. If they realized that such afflictions constitute a more or less culpable evidence of unstable personality and of abnormal emotions, they might have less to say about these adventures in neurasthenia. Just as most infectious diseases are preventable, so too are most nervous maladies avoidable, and the knowledge of how to avert them is one key to comfort and health. Here is where good food comes in as one of the factors, for environment and not heredity controls in these neuroses. Physical factors other than diet, such as exhaustion, glandular defects, infections, intoxications, and organic diseases enter into the problem, but some of these conditions are affected by the quality of nutrition.

Nervous troubles are generally the result of a wearing-down process, a gradual impairment of mental and physical resistance, an insidious encroachment of unfavorable or unpleasant environmental conditions on the normal mental and emotional existence. A sudden or acute mental shock is much less dangerous to the average person than is this continuous struggle with what the individual may consider to be a baleful situation in life. When, however, the resistance reaches the border between mental health and disease, a comparatively insignificant event may catapult the person across the line.

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The various neuroses are not all merely mental in their origin, though many of them are due chiefly to a conflict, either between the individual and his environment, or within himself. Although man comes into this world possessed of certain instincts, later known as temperament, he is soon subjected to the many repressions and inhibitions inflicted by social customs. Usually he submits and adjusts himself to the inevitable, at least outwardly. Normal persons, mentally considered, are those who are able to go through life with a minimum of friction, despite the many irritations of modern civilization; who are not disturbed by trifles, nor unduly annoyed by the bad manners of our urban peasantry; who can always get zest out of living, working, and playing; and, finally, who have sufficient physical health and vitality to accompany a reasonable and not irresponsible serenity of mind. Only a combination of external and internal factors can accomplish this happy and felicitous result.

The psychiatric explanation for those more or less abnormal persons who are prone to nervous breakdowns and other more serious mental disturbances is that they are apprehensive. They are afraid of their environments, they feel inferior, they want to run away. Such persons seek outlets for their fears and attempt to assuage their inability to cope with a cold-blooded, merciless world by means of mental dodging. Thus, hypochondria may be the favorite excuse for a distressing environment in one case, depression may be the escape in another. Sometimes the condition is entirely mental, with its roots back in childhood, sometimes it is both mental and physical. Whatever the cause, physical health is conducive to cure and alleviation, for a sound body nearly always promotes a sound mind.

There is something of a circuit in the relation between nutrition and nerves. While a well-balanced diet promotes a favorable nervous system, its cumulative effect is to reduce emotional strains and stresses, which may in themselves influence appetite and digestion. Shakespeare made a scientific contribution when he said, "Let good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both." Good nutrition fosters good "nerves," which aid good digestion, which promotes nutrition. Upset "nerves" spoil digestion, which affects assimilation and nutrition and makes more "nerves." Thus, the circle, vicious or felicitous.

Nervous indigestion is no fanciful malady. The Italian novelist, Manzoni, had the right idea in the eighteenth century when he narrated how his hero, 'Renzo, had his relish changed to poison upon learning as he dined that the police were seeking him as the instigator of a riot. At the annual meeting of the American Medical Association in 1929, a noted psychiatrist pointed out that misery in the stomach is not always the real reason that sends the sufferer to the physician. Back of a bellyache may be a serious mental disorder. The pain is real enough, but its true cause may be functional rather than organic, and due to fear of disease, worry, an unstable personality, sex maladjustment, or unhappy marital conditions. Many a pain in the abdominal regions has followed a quarrel. It is the duty of the modern doctor, who has more of an appreciation of mental influences on physical states than had his predecessors, to sift the cause and ascertain its real origin. It may, of course, be purely physical, or it may be mental, or both.

Eating should always be postponed during periods of unusual mental excitement, and progressive physicians so advise their patients. A Biblical writer

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has cogently remarked, "Better a dry morsel and quietness therewith than a house full of feasting and strife." The anguish of a prospective orator at a banquet, especially when his maiden speech impends, is an example of what emotion will do. Somebody once said that the fate of nations depended upon the good or bad digestion of a prime minister, a statement containing more truth than poetry. Eventually, some one else may conduct a scientific study on the influence of digestion on history. Already we know that the great races of the world, those which have been the conquerors, have been invariably the well-nourished nations.

In order to study the relation between malnutrition and function, or normal action, Doctors Max Seham and Grete Seham of Minneapolis recently conducted some interesting experiments, using rats for clinical data and children for sociological information. They collected a group of lazy rats, indolent because of their poor nutrition, and compared them with sleek, comfortable rodents, who got plenty to eat. These indefatigable investigators even went so far as to count the number of eye-blinks of the restless, malnourished animals and found that poorly fed ones were more addicted to blinking than were the well nourished. By means of the ubiquitous questionnaire they studied the habits and efficiency of 200 school-children, half of whom were considered undernourished. The conclusion suggested by all these data was that nervousness is more pronounced in children who are more than ten per cent underweight, though these workers were careful to state in their report that height-weight tables are an aid only and not an index in the determination of malnutrition.

Many other investigators have demonstrated by experiments on the docile rat that diets which are just good enough to permit the young to develop in a manner that seems to be satisfactory will, nevertheless, cause instability of the nervous system. A slight deviation in the quality of the protein content of food may, according to Professor E. V. McCollum, exert a profound influence on the whole life history of the experimental animals and on the functioning of their nervous systems.

A deficiency of essential minerals in the diet will give rise to certain maladies in which mental symptoms are manifest. One of the most important of all inorganic substances in the human body is calcium, which in combination with other elements, chiefly phosphorus, is the basis of the skeletal structure. When blood calcium gets low, possibly because of poor functioning of the parathyroid glands and a lack of the mineral in the diet, all kinds of mental troubles may occur. According to one eminent neurologist, persons with low blood calcium display much misbehavior, with such symptoms, he declares, as inordinate fatigability, irritability, or temper, and at times even incorrigibility, non-amenability to discipline, and assaultiveness. Such persons are easily aroused to anger with little if any provocation. The best source of assimilable calcium in the diet is milk.

Two other minerals of special significance to human welfare are iron and iodine. If the former is insufficient, anæmia will result, while lack of iodine gives rise to goitre. In pernicious anæmia mental changes of varying severity are observed, ranging from mere depression and lack of mental energy to mild or even severe confusional psychoses. Just how pernicious anæmia is induced is not clearly understood, but it is well known that diets rich in liver and certain other foods prevent the disease and

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alleviate it when it is on the rampage. Many persons unaware of the fact may be suffering from the milder forms of anæmia, with some disturbance to their mental equilibrium, perhaps only slight, but enough to be troublesome. Aside from liver, the best sources of iron are eggs, cabbage, lettuce, and certain fruits, such as the lowly prune.

When iodine is low in the diet, the thyroid gland receives insufficient stimulation, so that bodily metabolism is thrown off balance. An under-active thyroid produces a sluggish and apathetic mind, while an over-active one causes aggressiveness, extreme ambition, and great initiative. The condition known as cretinism, marked by arrested mental and physical development, is due to paucity of thyroxine secreted by the thyroid gland. If the supply of this mineral gets too low, the gland enlarges and a simple goitre forms. In many parts of the country, particularly in the Middle West, this disease is wide-spread, and there is one large area known as the goitre belt. Fish and shell fish are excellent sources of iodine, as are also milk, fruits, and vegetables. Once again the protective foods are to the fore, for they will give us most of the minerals we need.

The ingredients needed to comprise a well-balanced diet are easily obtainable and, in comparison with the luxuries which we now seem to consider essential to our carnal comfort, they are relatively inexpensive. The best sources of the vitamins and the other necessary elements are the garden and the grocery store. The specifications for right eating are based on common sense and a simplicity free from faddism. Beware of the individual who has some alleged infallible and usually bizarre method of ritualistic eating for health. Food cults are for the gullible only.

Food faddists are generally somewhat eccentric persons, whose mental peculiarities may be either the cause or the result of their faddism. Consider the ardent and vociferous vegetarian, usually one of those crusading individuals who proselyte their views with vim and vigor, though only rarely with success. It is practically impossible to secure a well-balanced diet from a strictly vegetarian fare. If you leave out milk, dairy products, and eggs, which are animal foods, and the most valuable of all single articles of diet, the choice is restricted to seeds, roots, tubers, leaves, and other plant foods, a bewildering combination of which would be necessary to secure an adequate diet. Vegetarianism carried to extremes is a fad having no really scientific basis.

Then there are the whole-wheat fiends, who attribute all of the ills of mankind to the consumption of white bread and milled cereals. There is no question but that decorticated flour has certain nutritional deficiences, and yet when white bread is made of milk, eaten with butter, and comprises part of an otherwise well-balanced diet, all of these deficiencies are compensated for. Furthermore, an abundance of bran, whole wheat, and other whole cereals may prove irritating to the gastro-intestinal tract, because of too much indigestible residue.

The respective nutritional values of brown and white bread were investigated in England recently by two scientists working under a grant from the Medical Research Council. As a result of experiments with laboratory animals, these workers reported that the substitution of brown bread for white in a diet made up to approximate that of agricultural laborers resulted in a slight increase in growth, but was accompanied by nervous symptoms and by habits in-

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dicating an imbalance in the food factors of the brown bread.

These interesting experiments, which reveal again the possible effect of diet on the nervous system, were conducted for about ten weeks. This period in the life of a rat is equivalent to about six years of human life, according to the conventional estimate that a rat lives thirty times as fast as man. Changes in our emotional makeup due to dietary deficiencies are usually somewhat slow and insidious. More rapid effects are, however, possible, though by no means frequent. We are all familiar, by observation, if not experience, with the stimulating and eventually disturbing effects of alcohol on the human constitution. It is, of course, a question whether alcohol is a food, or a medicine, or anything except a controversy. Other stimulants such as coffee may exert a noticeable or appreciable influence on the individual consumer. On the other hand, they may not. Dogmatic conclusions are difficult to lay down in such cases, though there are plenty of persons who do not hesitate to promulgate positive assertions in the matter, usually with little scientific basis.

The equilibrium of the emotions is so easily upset and the factors entering into the proposition are so complex that it is difficult to generalize with regard to the effect of single articles of food on our nervous conditions. If a person consumes a huge steak, does he become choleric as a result? That depends on the person. If he has a fixed conviction that meat hurts him and a guilty feeling of having partaken of an enjoyable but injurious substance, he will probably suffer nervous disorders. Here the cause is largely mental. There may, however, be definite physical reasons in the individual's makeup which cause an unfavorable reaction to the high protein and by endogenous means bring on physical troubles accompanied by mental ones.

A specific example of the possible production of mental disorders from a single meal would be the case of constipation caused by particular foods in a person usually fairly free from that widespread ill. Now, constipation has been regarded for ages as a potent factor in mental aberration. As a matter of fact, it is not potent at all, but the idea that it is may often exert an unfavorable mental reaction on the individual sufferer. The social emphasis on regular bowel movements causes more real trouble than the failure to have a daily evacuation. Entire books have been devoted to the dangers of so-called "auto-intoxication," with one result, as has been pointed out in a competent medical discussion of constipation and behavior, that "the social factors are productive of fears, anxieties, and certain compulsive elements which enter into behavior. The social pressures appear to encourage introverted trends." While discomfort, intestinal torpor, and such trifling conditions as borborygmus may be due to constipation, the actual behavioristic effects of this physical condition are practically nil. Constipation may be easily averted by the reasonable use of bulky foods in the diet, such as whole grains, spinach, lettuce, fruits, and nuts. The roughage in these foods constitutes the indigestible residue which stimulates peristalsis and stirs the bowel into action. Laxatives are generally an abomination and can be dispensed with by practically any one.

Just as mental disorders may be promoted by transgressions in diet, even mild ones, so too may some neurotic conditions be alleviated or palliated by means of a proper diet. As early as 1891 the late Doctor S. Weir Mitchell put neurasthenics on a rest-forced diet regi-

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men with excellent results. Doctor Mitchell was also an advocate of the so-called milk cure, though he used it for a variety of physical as well as mental conditions. Industrial physicians have found that supplementary milk feedings for factory workers have a salutary effect. This important food beverage not only renders the worker less susceptible to industrial poisons to which he may be exposed, but by exerting a steadying effect on the nerves, aids in the reduction of industrial accidents.

Intelligence is often thought to be mostly a matter of heredity, the "smartness" of the child coming, of course, from the superior intellect of the parent. As a matter of fact, it is well known, and recent tests have confirmed it, that there is a definite relationship between the mental status and the physical condition of a child. Examinations of nearly fifteen thousand children in Massachusetts have apparently revealed a positive association between underweight and other physical defects and the lower levels of intelligence, the lower being more marked for males than females.

Similar results were obtained by investigators of the United States Public Health Service working in two counties in Illinois. They discovered that as the average number of physical defects decreases, the intelligence quotient of school-children increases, a tendency which seems to be entirely independent of race, or language, or such factors. These differences in total mental ability of the healthy and less healthy may be explained by the fact that the physical defects cause lower mental development, or that the children of lower mentality come from families where constitutional physical characteristics are below par. In view of the Massachusetts findings, the former conclusion seems justified.

Emotions and intelligence are, of course, different matters. A person may be highly intellectual and yet emotionally unstable. These matters are, however, of joint interest and there is a certain relationship. A recent experiment on laboratory animals conducted at the University of Chicago showed that by the removal of one of the vitamins from the diet, the learning ability was reduced. This deficiency in the diet, in this case of vitamin B, is associated not only with lowered intelligence, but also with changes in the nervous system.

From this brief review of the influence of diet on the emotions, it will be readily seen that what we eat or do not eat *may* exert a definite effect on our emotional life. It should be remembered, however, that the effect is, in general, a cumulative one. Chronic malnutrition spread over a considerable period is what usually causes harm, rather than minor changes in the diet day by day. The partaking of a certain food or a combination of foods on a particular day may bring about some emotional reactions, but it is the regimen as a whole over a length of time that exerts most of the deleterious or favorable mental effect.

Food does not by itself govern all of our impulses, but it is a contributing factor of considerable importance. Insanity does not, as averred by Doctor Pinel in the last century, come from the stomach, but latent mental disorder will be accentuated by a defective diet. On the other hand, even the best foods, nutritionally considered, might fail to benefit us mentally if other congenital or environmental conditions are too severe in exerting a pernicious influence. A well-balanced diet will, however, do much to aid us in coping with the innumerable irritations and deficiencies of our modern complex civilization.

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The Ballad of Captain Kemble

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Captain Kemble of Boston town
Sat in the stocks with frost on his coat
And ice in his hair and a song in his throat,
And none of his scorners could scorn him down.
Shame on a seaman scarce ashore
Who publicly, lewdly, Lord's Day noon,
Would kiss his wife at his own front door!
He sat in the stocks and made a tune.

"O the skies were drear as yon elder's brow,
Ho, my hearties!" he bawled with a grace;
"And a stout sea serpent rolled over my prow,
But I steered by the star of a woman's face.
The wind was wild as a tiger's lust;
It shattered the dark with black alarms—
'Twould have blown ye clods to a whiff of dust,
But it blew me straight to the port of her arms."

They tightened the cleats in the frozen wood,
They tilted his head for sharper pains.
"So I sailed," he cried, "with a flame in my blood
That would curdle the milk in your flabby veins.
There was death in the wave and hell in the blast,
And the Devil spanking from north to south,
But Lord's Day harbored me home at last
And blessed my brine with the sweet of her mouth!"

Louder and clearer his ballad rang,
Till the judges huddled their women back.
"If beauty be sin, good wives," he sang,
"Ye'll send no man to the pinch o' the rack!"
They set him free while they counselled whether
God or the law should fix his doom . . .
But the morning stars all chortled together
High in the dawn as they squired him home.

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

SOMETHING is wrong with everything. This seems to be to-day the general sentiment when anything comes up for discussion. The church, the theatre, the colleges, the secondary schools, and the general ideas represented by these forms; I mean of course, religion, drama, education, politics, democracy, athletics, the younger generation. The time is out of joint. We may perhaps congratulate ourselves on this turbulent condition of the "public mind," for the absence of complacency is usually a sign of life. So long as this divine discontent is indicative of an ideal, it is well; it is only when divine discontent degenerates into indiscriminate petulance, and the prophet of righteousness becomes a common scold, that admonition is a weariness.

"Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement," said Browning; in other words, nothing is perfect. A flawless system of government would not give us a perfect government, because it would have to be administered by human beings; humanity is not only prone to err, it is certain to err. Christianity seems to me an absolutely perfect system of religion, but out of the millions of its adherents, it does not produce even one perfect person. No system of education would come anywhere near its defined goal, because it would have to be directed by men and women, and tried out on average boys and girls.

I cannot recall any previous period of history when there was such a passion for education as there is now. Everybody wants to be educated, but only a minority are willing to travel on the only road that leads to it; a road paved with self-denial and hard work. There are of course many defects in the present American system of high-school and university education; but the chief defect is in human nature. If we managed by some astounding piece of luck to hit upon the ideal method of educating American youth, even then only a minority would become truly educated.

I have read somewhat in the history of education; I have read the confessions of many teachers in Europe and in America. But all the plans, all the meetings of various faculties, all the suggestions of reformers get down to this—*What shall we do to make the students study?*

What is wrong with the present system is not in the system: what is wrong is eternal youth. Both prizes and penalties have one end and one end only in view—increased stimulation to work. There are a good many boys and girls who are eager to work, who love study, who feel instinctively its value with reference to their subsequent life in the world. They will learn in spite of poor programmes and poorer teachers. But the vast majority of healthy boys and girls, even though they are sent to "educational institutions," would rather do almost anything than study. And instead of finding the atmosphere of a modern college favorable to the life of

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the spirit, they find it unfavorable. What with athletics, secret societies, and other extra-curriculum activities, distinction in which is rewarded by their classmates far more than is distinction in scholarship, the mental climate is no more favorable to the growth of learning than the climate of the market-place is favorable to the fruits of the spirit.

Youth and health do not take instinctively or naturally to books. Even so serious an undergraduate as John Milton, who made the most of his opportunities, occasionally felt the call of the blood, as is terribly evident in that despairing cry out of his heart of heart,

"Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?"

"To scorn delights and live laborious days" is the attitude only of the hundredth man, never that of the average. It is interesting to consider the relation of the average boy in prep school or college to the curriculum, and then compare it with his treatment of the curriculum in the Law School or School of Medicine. It is not merely that he has become a man, and put away some childish things; he now regards the curriculum as directly related to his bread and butter.

Perhaps the chief problem of school and college education is how to make the pupils feel the importance of a general education as they will later feel the necessity of vocational training. There is no doubt in my mind that there has been a vast improvement in this respect over conditions that existed fifty years ago. This is owing partly to the fact that in former times the curriculum seemed in many cases to bear no relation to life; whereas to-day there is nothing closer to the vital issues of modern existence than the college course of study. Two hundred years ago at Cambridge, Thomas Gray, who became the finest scholar among all the English poets, hated the routine of prescribed work. More than one hundred years ago John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, who was graduated from Yale College the valedictorian, bent himself to his work more from its value as discipline than from its intrinsic interest.

The experiment that Professor Meiklejohn is now trying at the University of Wisconsin should be watched with intense interest. To isolate a group of students, and give them a foundation of both knowledge and training, seems to be a most promising method. Here too, as everywhere, it depends largely on the Man directing it, and on the teachers under his command.

To all teachers and parents I commend a new book by the Headmaster of the famous Harrow School in England, Doctor Cyril Norwood, who writes out of an experience of many years and of practice in more than one school. His book is called "The English Tradition of Education," and it is clear that what he wishes is nothing revolutionary, but rather some method that will preserve the best elements that have produced in the past a high type of Anglo-Saxon manhood. "There is nothing quite so stupid," he says, "as a very clever young man writing about education." He has little use for new-fangled methods that bear the questionable authority of a foreign name. What he desires is to conserve the best out of the long experience of the past. He calls upon the United States of America and Great Britain to stand together in education as in other things, in order that we may both produce an educated democracy. And

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he rightly believes that for the average boy in school and in college the ideals of character and of service must come first.

In secondary and elementary education he insists on a foundation made up of five elements: Religion, Discipline, Culture, Athletics, Social Service. These should all have the common end in view—a Good Man, ready to help in carrying forward civilization. Doctor Norwood starts with a frank facing of contemporary conditions:

> The danger and unrest of the present age arise from the fact that in Europe and America, and for that matter over large areas of the supposedly changeless East, the human race has cut itself, or is cutting itself, loose from all moorings of thought and custom. General Smuts said in a striking phrase no more than the truth when he declared that humanity has struck its tents, and is everywhere on the march. The question is, whither? and no man can be bold enough to answer the question with confidence. Every social convention and institution, even the most fundamental, and every religious sanction and conviction, must be put to the test, and stand inquiry.

Fathers and mothers have always been filled with anxiety concerning their children, and never perhaps so much as now, nor with more reason. It is a perilous time for boys and girls, but life has always been dangerous, simply because the individual has freedom of choice; yet I believe that just as the Scots are a hardy race because they fight the climate, so there have never been finer boys and girls (in individual cases) than now, when the will-power receives such terrible testing. Doctor Norwood believes that Religion is the only true foundation, that its precepts must be efficacious not through fear and taboos, but through reasonableness. And I must add that the place to acquire a sense of the truth and importance of religion is in the home, and that there is no substitute for a good mother.

Doctor Norwood has no use for the idea that discipline should come from the mob, or that schoolboys should decide what they should study, and if they should study.

> The rule of discipline, then, is that you must do your duty, or pay the penalty: authority comes from above, but all share in delegated powers for the purpose of living a common life. . . . The business of a school is to work, and to get on with its life without bothering about Whys and Wherefores, and abstract justice, and the democratic principle.

And now for culture.

> What is the culture that is aimed at in the best tradition of English education? It has been said to be the value of "useless" knowledge, but this phrase has been a borrowing of the weapon of an enemy and the turning of its point against himself. It is rather that no knowledge is "useless." All knowledge is of value in itself and for itself, and that which is useless in the real sense is that which falls short of knowledge. There is here no difference between the student of the humanities and the scientist: both seek to know what is to be known, but the latter has the advantage of working in a more precise subject-matter, and can more easily test his results. Few men attain to knowledge: most, said Plato, are in a state of opinion. . . . The end of the good teacher is to put before his pupils the conception of knowledge as intrinsically valuable.

Athletics play a mighty part in modern school and college education, and what is necessary is to preserve the good of games in recreation, courage, subordination of self to the team, good sportsmanship that knows how to take both defeat and victory. It is ridiculous to say one should not care whether one loses or wins; one should always play to win, of course honestly. Doctor Norwood feels the modern danger of athletics comes from a desire for "championships," where a school is not con-

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tent with beating its traditional opponent, but must go on to beat the victor in another section of the country, and then try to satisfy the curiosity of the public as to which is the best team in the entire nation. This has no element of good in it, and is indeed all bad. He blames the newspapers for printing pictures of schoolboy football players, and long reports of their athletic history, in the manner of the press-agent.

I think the best thing that can be said to-day for school and college education in both England and in America is that the ideal of Service to the Community is firmly held by the majority of students. It certainly is. Few students to-day have an ideal of selfishness. Doctor Norwood quite properly ridicules the Will to Power, and the ideal of Self-development, which

> is an appeal of no power to move men: however cleverly it is argued, however attractively its ideal is dressed up, it rouses no response from the children of a race which has advanced far enough on the road of man's progress to know that unselfishness is the first quality required for the higher life.

What is really going on in Russia? The most enlightening and apparently the most trustworthy book on the subject that I have read—and I have read many—is called "Humanity Uprooted" and is written by Maurice Hindus, who was born in Russia, came to America in his teens, and has visited the land of his birth frequently since the revolution of 1917. Most books on Russia seem to have a partisan bias: they are Bolshevik or Anti-Bolshevik, and the average reader discounts their reports. But Mr. Hindus, who has travelled widely in city and country, east and west, north and south, reports with accurate objectivity what he has seen and heard. The national religion is atheism, and it has spread to the remotest corners of Siberia. Russian boys and young men, and perhaps half the girls, are aggressive atheists, rejoicing in their unbelief. The Anglo-Saxon ideal of virtue in women has been scrapped, and they are all trying hard to believe that chastity is nothing to be proud of. If this notion should completely prevail, it will be interesting to see how many of the great classics in the world's literature will lose all significance. "Anna Karenina," "Faust," "The Scarlet Letter," and innumerable other books will have to be explained to future generations with a mass of annotation, as Lafcadio Hearn had to explain English poetry like "Drink to me only with thine eyes" to the Japanese.

Communism has already received some modifications and may receive more. The unpardonable sin—akin to treason—is not to be a Communist.

It appears to me that the only happy people in Russia are the leading members of the government and young workmen in good health who live in the cities. All other people, especially aging women and old men, are in a deplorable condition. The little oligarchy that rules Russia are having a gorgeous time; which reminds me of what the late Professor William Graham Sumner told us in our undergraduate days. "Young gentlemen, if Socialism ever triumphs in this country, be sure that you get on the committee."

The last chapter in the book, although here as elsewhere Mr. Hindus expresses neither approval nor condemnation, is disquieting. The Russian government is Russia's own business, and if Russia were content to keep it Russian, no other country would have any right to object. But apparently Russia is determined to make it the world's business; she is determined to set up a bloody revolution in every other nation, and will not be satisfied until the whole world

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adopts Russian *kultur*. Her hatred is directed especially at England, the most enlightened and the most hated country in the world; she is preparing for a future war, which will destroy Britain as Rome destroyed Carthage. Such is the programme.

But although Great Britain is a small island, and seemingly accessible, it is well to remember that not a single person has got into it without an invitation, and stayed there, since the year of our Lord one thousand and sixty-six.

There is not, so far as I can see, even the remotest danger that the Communistic Missionaries will have any success in the United States. Two facts will prevent it: one, the universal education of the people; the other, the fact that every small town and city in our country is filled with houses owned by the families therein dwelling. An agitator delivering a philippic against American workmen shouted, "We could convert all you cowards if you did not have some money in the bank." Precisely so: those who wish to divide are those who have nothing to contribute.

Meanwhile it is interesting to see that while the Russian Soviet Government hates every other country and every other political party, their most intense hatred is directed against the British Labor party and its chief, Ramsay MacDonald.

Russia is making a gigantic experiment in uprooting all the principles of religion, morality, and economics that are still taught in other nations. Now, if the Russians are right, and will really establish the Earthly Paradise, we shall see in the future ships sailing from every other land, filled with emigrants, and all glad to live in Russia. At this moment, such a consummation seems remote. I suspect, that if departure from Russia were freely allowed, and immigration into the United States unrestricted, we should see thousands of Russians leaving their enlightened and happy land, and entering stupid, provincial, mechanical, narrow-minded America. Mr. Hindus is free to live either in Russia or in America; he lives here.

No new novel in recent years has been awaited with anything like the eagerness greeting "The Woman of Andros," by Thornton Wilder. As a story, it is inferior to "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." It lacks the vitality, both in fable and in characters, that gave that book its prodigious vogue. But no intelligent reader should omit "The Woman of Andros," and, like the philosophy of Schopenhauer, it should be read twice. The author's amazing gift of condensation is as impressive as ever. The extraordinary beauty of the style, which makes it seem like poetry or music or running water, is additional proof of genius, giving Mr. Wilder a position in the front rank of living writers. If I understand the significance of the story, it is to be found in the last sentence. The combined culture of the ancient classical world was powerless either to save humanity or even to produce happiness. But at the moment when the entire intellectual world was bankrupt, something happened in Bethlehem.

The death of Edward W. Bok removed one of the most interesting men in America and one whose influence was as varied as it was invariably beneficial. It would take a volume to enumerate his good deeds. As a young man, he was for years connected with the publishing house of Charles Scribner. His book, "The Americanization of Edward Bok," is already a classic among autobiographies.

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The death of George E. Woodberry was mourned by hundreds and hundreds of men who were formerly his pupils, by innumerable readers of his beautiful lyric poetry, and by all those who would "live in the spirit." He was, in the highest sense of the term, a Man of Letters.

For disciples of Proust and "for all interested," Clive Bell has written a little book on "the master," which will please those who admire him and may save others the trouble of reading him. For incidentally, as has often been observed, life is short; although the Prousts and Dreisers of this vale of tears seem to have overlooked or forgotten the fact. Thornton Wilder, Zona Gale, and W. B. Trites can say more in two pages than this pair in two hundred. Mr. Bell's book is written with distinction, is as brief as his idol's are long, and is filled with interesting reflections on both art and life. It closes with that pessimism so fashionable to-day among gentlemen enjoying both good health and leisure. Yet this pessimistic creed seems unwilling to accept the logical consequences of its affirmations. We are told in praise of Proust that he was wise enough to know that the best gift of the gods is Death. If this be true, why don't wise men take it? If there is one thing in this universe free to all, it is Death. Help yourself. An interesting essay might be written on the subject, Why do pessimists never commit suicide?

If Mr. Bell and Proust are right, then we should rejoice in the news of every fatality, and we should regard the Mayo brothers as criminals.

But Mr. Bell makes even a graver accusation against life. He declares there is no artist, however great or the maker of however many masterpieces, who would not give all his art and all his immortal production to be young. I have produced nothing permanent, so I do not know how a great artist or a man of genius feels about these matters. But I do know that nothing on earth would induce me to give up what I have learned in the last forty years in exchange for animal and ignorant youth. If some one should approach me with a monkey-gland or some other specific for making me a boy of twenty, I should decline without thanks. Go back? *En avant, mes enfants!*——

The Faery Queene Club grows apace. Miss Frances Parkwell Vail, a sophomore at Howard College, Birmingham, Ala., has read the entire work, and feels exalted. "I am eighteen and doubtless I shall find an entirely new and different Faery Queene at eighty." William G. Leary, of Bloomington, Ind., joins.

Elizabeth P. Hopkins, Librarian of the Memorial Library at Montour Falls, N. Y., read the F. Q. through when she was a schoolgirl, and now hopes to read it again.

Mr. Alfred Chappell, of Yale, informs me that a copy of the First American Edition of the Faery Queene was given to his mother by the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and is inscribed

> To Adelaide from one whom she revived from sorrow and from loneliness to motherhood and activity.
> Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, January 1895.

And now comes bad news from England to all members of the F. Q. Club, though it indicates that the thief had proper literary taste and discrimination.

> Thieves recently broke into the Priory Church at *Cartmel*, near Ulverston, and stole from a glass case in the vestry a valuable copy of the Second Part of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. The glass case was smashed, but other articles of value contained in it, including a "Vine-

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gar" Bible; a medical work, dated 1491; and a silver chalice cover, dated 1668, were untouched. The stolen book, which dates from 1596, has been in the possession of the Priory for the past hundred years.

In a recent number of this magazine, I said that books for the aged should be printed in big type and books for children in tiny type, which is exactly contrary to the prevailing custom. "Hoot" Ellis, of football fame, sends me the largest pack of cards in the universe. I did not know there were such giants. "Yours for a big Christmas," says Hoot.

From Frank A. Manny, of Boston:

Apropos of the letter to you from Maine referring to Mona Lisa. Some years ago when a bust of Sidney Lanier was given to a school which bears his name, a group of men and women were exclaiming over the artist-poet-spirit evidences in the face, when an experienced physician turned away after listening a time and said, "Most of the particulars which you select are the signs of tuberculosis!"

Robert J. Summers, of Buffalo, suggests a new word.

I was recently requested to supply the companion word for misogynist. Misanthrope, because of its designation of mankind in general, doesn't fill the gap, and the English word "man-hater" likewise needs the support of the context to determine whether a masculine aversion is intended rather than a dislike of humanity as a whole. Would *misanerist,* with its obvious Greek derivation, supply the needed word? Misanerist would leave no doubt as to the males being the disliked object.

It has been my custom not to print compliments to this department in this place; but a letter from Mrs. Raymond Randall, Chatanika, Alaska, is so charming and so interesting on other accounts that I hope I may be forgiven for its inclusion. Anyhow, I will risk it.

The scene is a battle-field of the Civil War. The villain, mortally wounded and repentant at last over his desertion of wife and child, has asked the surgeon to pray for him. At the conclusion of the prayer, the dying man whispers, "You say 'Amen' for me—I'm too weak."

This gem I found in Mary J. Holmes's "Hugh Worthington," which I read to see if she wrote as terribly as I remembered, after many years. She did. I forget the exact page, but it is well toward the end where the very intricate plot is being disentangled.

Your department is the first part to be read of the first magazine to be read when the dog-team arrives with the mail—which is not often. We are about sixty miles from our post-office, and forty miles south of the Arctic Circle, which is called Artic by everyone who lives near it. Does that justify the mispronunciation?

This is my first winter in the wilderness, and I—who always longed for a dog—find myself with seven. Dogs are much more interesting in groups than individually, I believe, for their personalities develop much more naturally when there is not too much human interference. We resent the widespread opinion that Alaskan dogs are fierce. The dogs belonging to the natives have an evil reputation because the natives rarely pet them and really domesticate them, and any dog in that situation becomes unfriendly. Each of our seven has a yen to be a lap-dog.

One puppy has been taught to shake hands which is a rare accomplishment for a sled-dog, as ordinarily one does not bother to instruct them in the social amenities. Now, whenever she mutinies in harness or otherwise deserves punishment, she extends the right paw of fellowship and is immune. Who could resist that black paw?

Another dog has been deaf from birth. He is most social, and waves his tail when you wave your hand at him. If you hit him with a pebble or snowball, he takes it as a summons and comes back to be petted.

Sirius-ly yours,
EMILY L. RANDALL.

Mrs. Alice C. Bryant, of Yonkers, N. Y., agrees with me in my hatred of "I would like" and suggests that I follow the example of the late W. D. Howells and launch an attack on "gotten." Some years ago I did this very

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thing, in the sympathetic pages of *The Christian Science Monitor,* and I wound up with the slogan

Gotten has got to go.

Alas, it seems to be coming instead of going, so far as America is concerned. Despite the fact that it is in the Authorized Version of the Bible, it is not now in good usage in Great Britain. I hate it.

Here is something I refer to the well-beloved Ripley, Daily Delighter of Devoted Devourers, the author of that incomparable book "Believe It or Not."

The longer one stays in a cage, the less cagey one is.

Star Reaper

(A BALLAD OF KENTUCKY)

By Sarah Litsey

"Anny's mad an' seein' visions.
Ain't you never watched her eyes
Followin' of clouds that's pink-like
Out acrost the evenin' skies?"

Guess the cows are needin' milkin'
An' my old man's drunk in town.
God, but ain't it beautiful—
How the red sun's goin' down!

"She ain't been to Sunday meetin'
Since a year ago last June.
Parson seen her in the thicket
Sayin' prayers to the moon."

Light the lamps an' cook the supper,
Heat can make your eyeballs sore;
Moon's a-shinin' down the holler,
Whitenin' up the sycamore.

"Queer how Dan'el stands her doin's.
Never borned him but one child
An' they found her stranglin' that one
With her eyes all scairt an' wild."

Little baby—little baby—
How could I 'uv let you live
With your life all hard before you
An' me with no mite to give?

"Dan'el said she took to layin'
Out at nights down by the crick.
Couldn't do a blamed thing with her
Till he whupped her with a stick."

Walls has got me cramped an' chokin';
There's more room out in the night.
Christ—there's Dan'el comin' at me
With his lips all drawed an' tight!

"Found her naked as a jaybird
Runnin' down through Grundy's wood.
Folks as does the likes of such things
Ain't around for no great good."

Eat my body up with moonlight
Cool an' silver on my back
Where he beat me. Eat my skin an'
Lick my bones before they crack!

"Kilt herself for plain damfoolness
Jumpin' out of that there tree.
Never done no work for Dan'el,
Think he'd feel right glad an' free."

Ef I climbed jest one limb higher
I could maybe touch them stars.
Ooo—I burned my hands against 'em—
Awful dark—an' stars—an' stars——

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